

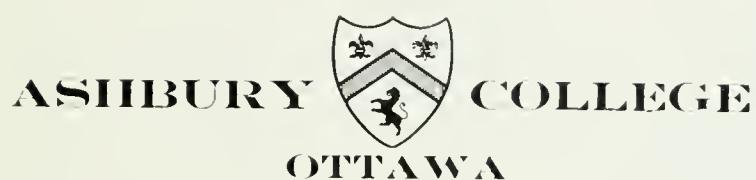


HISBURIA





THE ASHBURIAN



VOLUME 60

1976



John Evans Photography Ltd.

JACK MARLAND

While I was in my last year of teaching in an Ottawa high school, a student of mine who had been to Ashbury commented that I would find Mr. Marland a fair man who would listen. This statement is high praise from a student!

Jack has been a teacher for 35 years, including war service, and has also served in the Merchant Navy for 17 years between 1927 and 1943. He has taught in English grammar, secondary, primary and infant schools; in Canada, he has taught in Temiskaming High School and, since 1958, at Ashbury both as housemaster and as assistant headmaster.

Jack is a modest man with a keen sense of rectitude. During two or three interviews with him, he told me so many war stories worth printing that my original article was two or three thousand words long. The need for brevity and balance and Jack's own sense of privacy compelled me to cut the article down to its present length. But I cannot resist a brief sampling. . . . Jack's persuading the skipper to put his shoes and socks back on because the ship *wasn't* sinking (the skipper was later decorated for bringing the ship back to port even though the engines had been blown off their mountings) . . . the wreckage from Dunkirk through which the convoy passed, wondering . . . 26 trips to West Africa . . . the women rioting in a Nigerian village after the British Government imposed a tax on every wife after the first wife — it took a regiment to quell the riot. . . . In the early months of the war, Jack's freighter had no guns. . . . finally, the ship was fitted with one 4.7 cannon — in the rear . . . when Jack burst through heavy squalls into clear sunlight, there, directly ahead, was a German sub. . . . by the time Jack turned around, the sub was long gone . . . a U-boat attack drove Jack past Greenland towards Labrador, then, a violent storm drove the ship almost as far as New York . . . the next morning, hundreds of birds lined the railings . . . while the sailors fed them, a golden eagle kept an aloof dignity high in the rigging, until it left two days later followed by the smaller birds, all heading due west . . . Jack arrested for espionage in Buenos Aires because he went sight-seeing every day instead of drinking in the pubs frequented by British sailors . . . they found nothing . . . Jack went on sight-seeing . . . the final terrible explosion that ended the war for Jack . . . the long months of recovery . . . Roz Marland . . . a new career in teaching.

A single anecdote will sum up what this character and this breadth of experience has meant to Jack Marland as a teacher. During his second teaching assignment, at Epsom, Jack was sorely tested by a student called Green who was, at home, being continuously brutalized by his father. A tough boy, insolent, lazy. The labels are almost, but not quite, inevitable. One day Green brought a big, black dog into the classroom. Jack looked from boy to dog and asked:

"Is he a good student?"

"Better than me!" shot back the reply.

"Then he can stay."

He did. And so did Green.

Years later, in Temiskaming, Jack, to his own astonishment, met the boy's sister who said that her brother was doing well and added: "Your decision was the turning point for him."

Jack belongs to a generation of teachers that logically includes all those men and women who served in the second world war, the youngest being approximately fifty now. I think, specifically, of people like Bill Byford and our own headmaster. These are men, as the poet says, 'acquainted with the night,' who

lived not only through the depression but also through what was, it appears, the last of the just wars. In the classroom, they combine a clarity of purpose and a sense of decorum with a personal touch that makes their dealings with students consistent and compassionate. These ideals require an awareness of the generation gap, one that is keenly understood and felt; an awareness that Colin Wilson says is essential if an older generation is to act responsibly towards a younger one. This brief article is my salute to them and especially to Jack, who has served his school so well.

It is somehow fitting that Jack and Roz Marland will be living a few doors from Bill and Enid Byford, another richly storied couple, and will be close enough, thank goodness, to visit the school frequently.

D.D.L.

MRS. J. J. MARLAND

I first met Rosalind and Jack Marland nearly eight years ago, on the day of my arrival in Ottawa as a newly-landed immigrant. I learned that I was to dine that evening with the Assistant Headmaster and his wife. Any fear which I may have felt that such an evening might prove to be formidable was quickly dispelled by the warmth of the welcome extended to me. I at once realised that here was a lady of great charm and all-embracing kindness. That evening did much to make me feel at home in Ottawa. For the next few years I and many others were to enjoy the hospitality of 330 Mariposa Avenue and, later, of the Assistant Headmaster's residence at Ashbury.

Ros has been an outstanding personality on the social scene at Ashbury, both in her official capacity as the wife of the Assistant Headmaster and, in less formal settings, as a delightful hostess, entertaining her guests with, to mention but a few things, her famous meat-pies and sparkling presence, giving, on one memorable occasion, a most convincing impersonation of a "vamp" of the 1920s.

When Ros and Jack moved into Ashbury in 1973 we learned to know and respect a new aspect of Rosalind's personality. Assuming the role of Matron, she became responsible for the cleaning of the whole building. Day after day Ros could be seen moving briskly about the building, carrying out her massive task with unfailing efficiency, tact and good humor. If an emergency labour squad were needed, the charm of Ros would raise more willing helpers than would the pressgang activities of a master on duty.

I am sure that the whole Ashbury community will sorely miss this gracious lady with her constant interest in and concern for others. It is good to know that she, Shareen and Jack will not be living far from the School; we hope to see them often and we wish them every happiness in their new home.

J. A. G.

THE ASHBURIAN AND THE INDEPENDENT PRESS

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EDITOR'S FOREWORD

Ashbury 76: Positive Vibration.

"Say you just can't live that
Negative way
You know what I mean
Make way for the positive day
Cause it's a new day
New time, new feeling yeah!
Say it's a new sign
Oh what a new day"

BOB MARLEY — Rastaman Vibration

Only three years ago, when I first arrived at Ashbury, the school was still 'The Reform School of Greater Ottawa.' Today, however, the hard work which Don Paterson advocated to bring Ashbury out of its 'Dark Ages' has succeeded, and it is great to be at a school which is now a winner. Ideas, opportunities, projects now seethe at Ashbury, led by interested teachers but run by industrious students. Tony German and Hugh Robertson operate the new Student Forum with the help of Michael Evans and others. Tony Macoun, having been assisted by former Ashbury Boy Chris Teron, will have the International Baccalaureate operating as basis for student application to any university in the world. The Independent Press, started and run this year by the Ashburian Staff with the help of Drum Lister, provides first-hand experience in creative journalism. A dive club, driver's education course, Mediterranean Cruise, outdoor education program and varied sports program all offer a virtually limitless range of possibilities to Ashbury students. Provided, of course, that they reach out for them.

The point being that with enough student interest, anything can be done at Ashbury. The teachers, including Mr. Joyce, when one proposes a project will say, almost invariably, "Yes, let's see how we can do it," rather than "No, here's why it can't be done."

Not that many things cannot do with mending — the administration should have a greater appreciation of the ability and integrity of the students and avoid such occurrences as the 'Great Oxfam Rip-Off' or the "Who deep sixed the Neptune Project" scandal.

The talent, interest, and perseverance amongst the students staggers the imagination — I found this fact out when I saw them funneled into the Independent Press. Ross Brown and John Lund on proofreading, Peter Belicki and Kevin Reeves on art, David Welch on graphics, Brian Baxter on reporting — to only name a few — all possess enormous talent, imagination, ideas but also, most important of all, a basic good humour and keenness to do a first-class job and help out wherever possible.

Also, in the past few years a true school spirit has developed. Not the blatant, loud, shouting type associated with L.C.C., for example, but a good-humoured, relaxed, sure and latently strong spirit, borne out of a positive attitude and a strong comaraderie amongst students, and between teachers and students. This spirit of knowing that one can achieve a goal, and working towards it, was what won Ashbury the Myles and Lenny band, and is what will lead Ashbury to success in the future.



One does not fully appreciate the extent of this unity amongst students at school itself, for one is immersed in it. Only in retrospect, thinking of the relaxed, good times one has with the others, and in the small things, does one really come to know what Ashbury is. Giving each other lifts, explaining math problems, buying each other a brew in the Hayloft while skipping Economics, plus the knowledge that, in a bind, any Ashbury friend will get you out of it if he can; this is Ashbury.

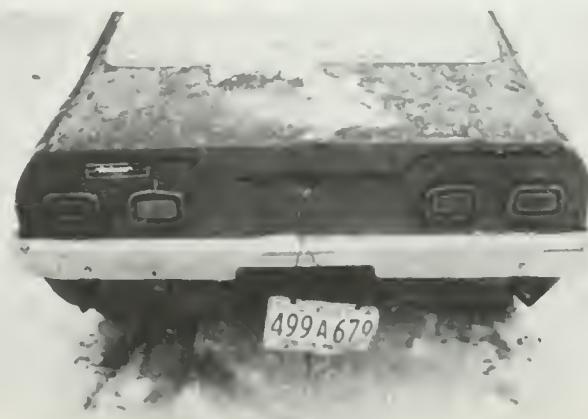
On the night of Closing Day this year, I held a final 'Graduation Zoo' at my place. Virtually the entire graduating class, plus many teachers, attended.

The feeling of being 'Ashbury Boys' held over. The party wore on, until, at five in the morning, the sun rose. Gradually, as the remaining graduates began to leave, we felt a curious difference. The coming of morning signified more than just a new day; rather an end to one phase of our lives and the beginning of another, as if the rich, bright sun illuminated for us the huge, living world that was to be ours. We shook hands adult-style, not thumb-to-thumb that is the trademark of our years. No longer Ashbury boys, but ourselves.

But though we are to disperse over the world like marbles on a stone floor, each finding our own path, I think we will always retain that common focus: that of having lived through a young, vibrant phase of our lives together, and having come out of it, also together.

As the final car set off down the drive-way, in broad daylight, I caught Ian Burke-Robertson's eye. We both grinned, and raised our thumbs, in the victory sign of our age. We'd made it, and we were winners — all of us.

IAN HIGGINS





THE ASHBURY STAFF

Front row: (left to right), D. L. Polk, H. J. Robertson, K. D. Niles, J. M. Marland, W. A. Joyce, M. H. E. Sherwood, A. C. Thomas, G. E. Hyatt, M. H. Penton.

Middle row: J. H. Humphreys, A. M. Macoun, Mme. C. Monk, Rev. E. E. Green, J. A. Glover, G. W. Babbitt, Mrs. E. M. Babbitt, G. D. Heyd, D. D. Lister.

Back row: R. J. Anderson, R. D. Rice, R. A. L. Hinnell, P. G. MacFarlane, Dr. D. E. Hopkins, T. Tottenham, J. S. Crockett.

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THE LEAVING CLASS

Front row (left to right): Ian Searth, Drummond Lister, Mark Grossmith.

Second Row: George Duong, Ian Higgins, Jeff Beedell, Roger McGuire, Peter Steacy.

Third row: George McKenna, Michael Lynch-Staunton, Steven Jay, Dimmock Lam, Adrian Conway, Algie Leacock.

Fourth Row: Peter Melville, Ian Burke-Robertson, Michael Evans, Kevin Reeves (behind Michael), Donny Yuen, George Ng, David Leacock, Paul Farquhar.

Fifth row: Mark Zagerman, Manuel Almudevar, Julian Longsworth, Steven Comis, Richard Tervo, David Singh.



THE PREFECTS

ASHBURY COLLEGE STAFF
1975-1976

Headmaster: W. A. Joyce, D.S.O., E.D.,
B.Sc. (Manitoba)

Assistant Headmaster: J. J. Marland, B.Sc.
(London)

Director of Senior School: *K. D. Niles, B.A. (Carleton)

Director of Junior School: M. H. E. Sherwood, M.Ed.
(Massachusetts)

Teaching Staff, (in alphabetical order):

R. J. Anderson, C. D., ASPT. Cert., (Aldershot), Director of Athletics.
Lt. Cdr. G. W. Babbitt, C.D., R.C.N. (Ret'd)
Mrs. G. W. Babbitt, 1st Class Teachers' License (N.B.)
*J. A. Bailey, M.A. (Carleton)
*J. L. Beedell, B.Sc. (Carleton)
*F. T. Bellware, M.Sc. (Carleton)
*J. S. Crockett, Stanmills College, (Belfast)
G. Gardner, B.A. (Carleton), Remedial Mathematics.
Cdr. A. B. German, C.D., R.C.N. (Ret'd), Director of Development, Action Ashbury.
J. A. Glover, M.A. (Oxon), Head of Department of Moderns.
*R. I. Gray, B.P.E. (Queen's)
Mrs. M. Gwyn, B.A. (Ottawa)
Miss E. Hamilton, R.N., School Nurse.
G. D. Heyd, M.A. (Toronto), Administrative Assistant.
R. A. L. Hinnell, B.Sc. (Bristol), Head of Department of Mathematics.
*D. E. Hopkins, Ph.D. (Hull, England), Head of Department of Science.
J. H. Humphreys
G. H. Hyatt, B.Sc. (Bishop's)
Mrs. J. Kennedy, B. A. (Mount St. Vincent)
Mrs. J. R. Linn, B. A. (Queen's), Remedial Reading.
*D. D. Lister, M.A. (York), Head of Department of English.
A. M. Macoun, M.A. (Oxon), Head of Department of Geography.
*P. G. MacFarlane, B.A. (Carleton)
*Mrs. R. Marland, Matron, Senior School.
G. J. McGuire, B.A. (Queen's)
Mrs. C. Monk, Diploma (Lyons)
*H. Penton, B.A. (Carleton), Housemaster of Woolcombe House Dayboys.
D. L. Polk, B.A. (Dartmouth)
Mrs. K. Raitan.
R. D. Rice, B.A. (Trent), Librarian.
*H. J. Robertson, B.A. (South Africa), Head of Department of History and Housemaster of Connaught House Day Boys.
A. C. Thomas, Mus. Bach. (Manchester), Director of Music.
T. Tottenham, Teachers' Certificate (Ottawa).
Miss N. Watt, Matron, Junior School.



Student Teachers:

S. Morra, (Waterloo)
J. Senn, (Waterloo)
J. Lytle, (Carleton)

*Indicates Possession of Ontario Teaching certificate

THE SCHOOL TUTORS

Steve Morra, our mathematics tutor during the Fall term, was educated at Smithfield Public School and at East Northumberland High School in Brighton. He is taking a degree in computer maths and calculus at Waterloo.

Steve was deservedly well-liked by students and staff at Ashbury. He is one of the most genuine people this writer has ever had the pleasure to meet. As tutor, he had a busy schedule which included responsibilities in the house as well as help in subjects other than mathematics. He enjoyed Ashbury and Ashbury enjoyed him. Thank you, Steve, for a job well done!

Jim Senn, our mathematics tutor during the Winter term graduated from Beamsville District Secondary School and is presently in second year math and psychology at Waterloo.

Jim gave valuable help in the Scuba Club (he is certificated), with weight training and with volleyball. He also coached Ashbury's four or five entries into the annual mathematics contest in which Ross Brown distinguished himself by placing 14th across Canada.

The range of his interests includes a love of poetry — especially that of Piet Hien, a mathematician. He has Ashbury to thank for introducing him to cross-country skiing, a sport foreign to the wine-growing region of the Niagara Peninsula where he was raised.

Jim has served Ashbury faithfully and well. A person of his precise mind and sensitive outlook will be a credit to teaching or indeed to any profession he undertakes.

D. D. L.

ROBIN HINNELL

ROBIN WAS RAISED in Kew Gardens near Richmond-Upon-Thames, England. He went to Eastbourne College where his favourite sport was rowing. He then read mathematics at Bristol University. Afterwards, he taught at Kingston Grammar School, in England, where, in his spare time, he rowed for England against Scotland, Ireland and Wales — and won!

Robin came to Canada in 1969 and taught for one year at Montreal High School. He and his wife, Sally, then made the trek to Pincher Creek, Alberta. "Beautiful scenery," he says tersely. "And small-town people."

For nine months following the Pincher Creek experience, the Hinnells travelled in a Volkswagen bus to Alaska and to South America. He journeyed as far south and as high up as Lake Titicaca. He also visited the fabled 'Lost City of the Incas,' Machu-Piccu, about which he says: "Stunning and mysterious . . . impossible to take it all in." He was aware, he adds, of the existence of the hidden Inca treasure which was carted by the Incas over the mountains away from the marauding Spaniards. Unfortunately, he couldn't persuade Sally to stay for another three years to search for it. The Hinnells voyaged back to England and Robin taught at Purley High School in Surrey for three years, instead. Finally, he came to Ashbury as head of mathematics.

Robin's activities at Ashbury include league hockey, the cycling club, and not least, the timetable.

We hope the Hinnell's stay at Ashbury will be long and productive and that any buried treasure they find will be shared with all of us.

D. D. L.

FRED BELLWARE

Fred was raised in Montreal and attended D'Arcy McGee High School where he played hockey and football. D'Arcy McGee had, and still has, an exceptional reputation. "You either got high marks or you didn't survive," commented Fred, "In the old days, it was tough — physically tough — and a boy who didn't perform well was given a choice: a phone call to the parents or the showers. Most boys chose the showers even though it meant fighting one of the Irish Christian Brothers with fists." He chuckled ruefully. "I returned one day to my English class — the teacher was very progressive — and when he saw the blood on my face, he fainted."

After D'Arcy McGee, Fred went to Sir George Williams where he earned a B.Sc. in honors biology. An M.Sc. at Carleton followed. After taking his teacher's certificate at Queen's, he taught at Marymount High School in Montreal, then at Hawkesbury where he was district president of the O.S.S.T.F., and finally at Ashbury.

Fred's activities at Ashbury included Scuba training, softball, touch football, the Science Fair, the science club, and Project Neptune.

Fred's hobbies tell us something about the man. Five years ago, in 1972, he took up skiing. With persistence, he has achieved a high degree of competence in this sport; indeed, when he goes to Alberta this summer, he intends, after working for four months in the Alberta Tar Sands, to be a professional ski patroller, for which he is well qualified.

His other interests have involved him in a wide reading of the problems of learning disabilities as well as in techniques to increase awareness through the eclectic use of yoga, meditation and Zen.

When one meets Fred for the first time, one is struck by the comic potential of the man, and it is no surprise to learn that he has acted at Sir George Williams in *The Hostage* by Brendan Behan, and at Hawkesbury in *Night Must Fall* by Emlyn Williams. Gregarious, a story-teller of no mean ability with the rare capacity for meeting important people by accident (he and Prime Minister Trudeau talked about the effects of skiing on the environment one day last winter), a character actor of considerable force, and ultimately a seeker after truth — that is Fred Bellware.

It is Ashbury's loss that he did not strike roots here. When Fred is ready, he will be a resource rich in humanity and experience for the community which receives him. As a Zen master in an opium den in old Macao once told me: "The acorn is the oak!" In all seriousness, Fred, — good luck and God speed!

D. D. L.

Office Staff:

Mrs. O. Thurston, Headmaster's Secretary.
Mrs. J. Gensey, School Secretary.
Mrs. Ethel Pryde, Bursar.
Mrs. Lillian Sabourin, Bookkeeper.



Kitchen Staff

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G. Brassard
Mrs. C. D'Anjou
A. Parisien
P. St. Jean
R. St. Jean
H. Nguyen

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Z. Rycel



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Mrs. M. Ryan

Cecile D'Anjou



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Mrs. Brunet and Mrs. Ryan



Inside: Messers St. Jean, Parisien and Nguyen



Outside: Messers Hajda, Cowan and Ryc



And all around the town: Malcolm Gibson

THE VALEDICTORY

As the fastest year of my life draws to a close, I find myself trying to turn back the clock, so that for a moment I can fully marvel at a most pleasant realization — I'm graduating! I have survived six years of teenage living, learning and growing at Ashbury, and I'm still smiling, particularly at some of the things that have happened this past year.

Much to the regret of the senior dormitory, I became part of the boarding community this year. After five years of homemade food and love (not necessarily in that order) I found my entry into boarding life quite a shock. When I moved in the boarders thought they had a real 'sucker' and they did; but not for long for a mild form of the old adage "kill or be killed" reminded me of the need for self-preservation. The things that I've learned on the Ashbury flats will serve me well for the rest of my life. I've learned how to open doors safely. First, you check the doorknob for shaving cream, then the top of the sill for glasses of water. And that's not all! I've learned how to wake up after the final warning bell, wash, dress, clean my room and still be only 5 minutes late for breakfast. I've also discovered that 7 people can't fit comfortably into a toilet cubicle, nor can 9 people easily share a pizza that's cut in 8 pieces.

Seriously, the Ashbury boarders are the life-blood of the school. They are a unique group of students from around the world who come here to study together. By being here all the time, they know the school intimately as an entity determined to provide us with a total, not simply academic education. Our experiences together have taught us the arts of life — the arts of sharing and compromise. In fact, I suspect that when the teachers marked some of our prep assignments, they felt that perhaps we had shared more than just ideas and encouragement.

If I were to leave some advice to the boarders, it would be to make more profitable use of your weekend time: finish your work and then make a conscious effort to indulge in a hobby or to organize a group activity which will take you outside of the school and allow you to relax. Don't simply hang your weekend aspirations on the Saturday night party.

With respect to the day-boys, I realize that you have your own lives to live, and I'd like to thank those of you who have devoted extra time to the welfare of the student body; however, I would also like to ask you to share your wealth of liberties. This may sound like a slogan but "take a boarder home for dinner" next year. Everyone will benefit.

An example of students' abilities to work together can be seen in our substantial contributions to various charities this year — well over \$7000! This money was raised chiefly by two campaigns — Daffodil Day (The Canadian Cancer Association) and Oxfam's Metres for Millions.

I'll always remember the Metres for Millions walk, 56 gruelling kilometres of it. The feeling of representing the

whole of Ashbury, the knowing that every kilometre meant another \$45, coupled with the fact that, if I didn't finish, 200 students would be on my back for not winning the free concert, kept me going. As you know, I finished and we won a private performance by the Juno award-winning group "Myles and Lenny".

Students supported other activities also. A joint effort between Ashbury and Elmwood produced the first student newspaper to ever survive an entire year. Spearheaded by Ian Higgins, Mr. Lister and all of their star, cub reporters, and kindly printed by Mr. Ned Rhodes, "The Independent Press" was truly an uncensored success.

The student companies-tuck shop, cleaning, and maintenance all realized sufficient profits to return a high dividend and then to underwrite the new asphalt surface for the school.

There were other examples of student generosity: quite a number of students were faithful blood donors. Some to the Red Cross. More still to our active sports programme.

For a moment I'd like to tell you about the prefects, the 9 senior students who travel back and forth between "heaven and earth" trying to reconcile the concerns of both sides. It's not an easy task, but I had the good fortune of working with a bunch of capable guys who made my job much easier than it might have been. Two of our accomplishments included the defeat of the masters' relay swim team even though they had Mr. McGuire and Mr. Bellware, and secondly, the drafting and presentation of a brief on the role of the perfect as well on the possibilities of some new school policies. Hopefully, this venture will be taken to heart.



John Woods '39-'43 Vice Chairman of the Board of Governors is tagged by Timothy Adams on Wellington Street.

Last year Claude Pardo complained about the lack of teacher-prefect meetings. This year we can boast of a weekly meeting with the Senior School Director, Mr. Niles, occasional rap sessions with the housemasters, and we even managed to pull off one meeting with the entire staff. With students, we found a one to one approach most profitable, complemented with several informal discussions with all the students.



What can you say about the Ashbury staff that has not already been said in the locker rooms? I mean, when you have teachers like Mr. Beedell, how can you go wrong?

Mr. Marland's retirement is a great loss to Ashbury. He epitomizes the personal, caring attitude of a type of person that can best operate in the close, intimate atmosphere of Ashbury. Let me tell you something about Mr. Marland: he used to worry so much about us failing his course that he would tell us when we could expect to write our next surprise functions test!

In closing, I would like to offer my fondest hopes for the success of Ashbury in the future. To next year's prefects I encourage you to be conscientious in your duties as I think we've established some momentum in student support for the prefects. In dealing with student activities, remember that everyone loves and needs attention. In your position, you have the opportunity to meaningfully furnish him with it. A little bit of positive reinforcement can work miracles. To the future head boy, I'd like to warn him that the initial ego trip ends during the first week of school when a grade nine calls you a nerd! After that it's all responsibility and hard work.

Goodbye Ashbury. Your good points far outweigh your bad ones. I salute you. Good luck!

J. Beedell

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PRIIZE LIST
June 12, 1976

**JUNIOR SCHOOL ACADEMIC PRIZES: PRESENTED BY JOHN L. NESBITT, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE ASHBURY
ASSOCIATION**

Form Prizes for General Proficiency:

Grade 5 Nicholas Davies
" 6 Todd Sellers
" 7 Timothy Adams
" 7A Kurt Carter
" 8L Bradley Koltz
" 8K John Andrew Ross
" 8A Jonothan Eddy
Timothy Webb Co-winners

Great Myths
Encyclopedia of Animals
Ancient World
Larousse Encyclopedia of Earth
Encyclopedia of World Religions
Encyclopedia of Modern History
Shell Book of Firsts
Shell Book of Firsts

Awards of Merit: for diligence, effort, and improvement:

Grade 5 Jamie Bociek
Grade 6 Alexander Nipperdey
Grade 7 Duncan Alexander
Grade 7A James Fraser
Grade 8L Frank Porreca
Grade 8K Garth Gittens

Life of Mountains
Life of Forests
Oasis in Space
Mammals in the Sea
Pictorial History of W.W.II
Larousse Encyclopedia of
Ancient & Medieval History

Special Prizes:

The Coyne Prize for Improvement in French

Jonathan Eddy

Harrap's French Dictionary

The Irene Woodburn Wright Music Prize

Timothy Shearly

Oxford Junior Companion to Music

The Polk Prize for Poetry Reading

Timothy Webb

100 Great Lives

The Junior School Public Speaking Prize

Timothy Webb

A Prairie Boy's Winter

The Thomas Choir Prize

John Shearly

Musical Instruments

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL MEMORIAL AND MERIT AWARDS: PRESENTED BY M. H. E. SHERWOOD, ESQ.

The Alwyn Cup: Junior School Track and Field

Garth Gittens

The John Michael Hilliard Memorial Prize: Grade 8A Award of Merit

Alexander Paterson

Larousse Encyclopedia of Modern History

The Junior School Athletic Cup: for greatest contribution to Jr. School Sports

Garth Gittens

The Stephen Clifford Memorial Prize: for outstanding contribution to House

Timothy Shearly

How Mammals Live

The Pitfield Shield: for Junior School Inter-house competition

Won by: The Hobbits and accepted by: Toby Mensforth — Senior Captain, and Robert Tamblyn — Junior Captain

The Woods Shield: For Outstanding contribution in academics, sports & character

Alexander Paterson

SENIOR SCHOOL ACADEMIC PRIZES: PRESENTED BY THE HON. ROBERT L. STANFIELD

FORM PRIZES FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY:

Form 1B Peter Griffiths
 Form 1A Christopher Rhodes
 Form 1E David Beedell
 Form 2B Ilias (Les) Bejkosalj
 Form 2A Joseph Chin
 Form 2E Wayne Chodikoff
 Form 3B Shawn Varhey
 Form 3A Richard Sellers
 Form 4B John Moore
 Form 4A Clermont Veilleux
 Form 4E Douglas Welch
 Form 5 David Singh

Atlas of Discovery
 Canada at the Olympics
 Forum
 Kidnapped
 This was the North
 But not in Canada
 Sherlock Holmes (2 Vols)
 The Prophet
 Roget's Thesaurus
 But not in Canada
 Webster's Dictionary
 A Man called Intrepid



Peter Griffiths, Chris Rhodes and David Beedell



Clermont Veilleux, Doug Welch and David Singh

ACADEMIC (SUBJECT) PRIZES:

Year 1	English	David Beedell	Tundra
Year 1	Typing Bus- iness Math (Boys)	John Ingold	The Small Investor
Year 1	Typing, and Business Accounting (Girls)	Christine Humphreys	Preparing the Manuscript
Year 1	Music	David Beedell	The Ninth Man
Years 1 & 2	History	Wayne Chodikoff	The Gothic Vault
Years 1 & 2	Geography	David Welch	Encyclopedia of World Geography
Years 1 & 2	General Science	Ross Brown	Handbook of Chemistry and Physics
Years 1 & 2	The Jobling Prize for French	Pierre Vanasse	Roget's Thesaurus



Mr. John Nesbitt presents Ian Rhodes with the years 3 and 4 Biology prize



Duncan Alexander, James Fraser, Frank Porreca and Garth Gittens:
Awards of Merit



Cyril Currier — Ashbury's oldest old boy



Richard Tervo raises a chuckle



Wayne Chodikoff and Ross Brown



Graeme Clark receives the Ovenden Prize for French from Mrs. Joyce

Years 1 & 2	Dramatic Arts	Michael Sourial	Practical Stage Make-up
Year 2	English	Wayne Chodikoff	Shakespeare Histories & Poems
Year 2	Canadian Issues	Ross Brown	But not in Canada
Years 2 & 3	Typing and Business Accounting (Mixed class)	Wayne Chodikoff	But not in Canada
Year 3	English	Mark Andrews	The Small Investor
Year 3	French	Graeme Clark	Oxford English Verses
Years 3 & 4	Business Studies	Graeme Clark	Robert Frost
Years 3 & 4	Physics	Nick Bejkosalaj	The Pure Joy of Making
Year 3 & 4	Chemistry	Richard Sellers	Money
Years 3 & 4	Biology	Richard Sellers	Energy
Years 3 & 4	Urban Studies	Ian Rhodes	Rocks Minerals and
Years 3 & 4	Polities	Iain Johnston	Gemstones
Year 4	The Brain Prize for History	Graeme Clark	Children of the Ark
Year 4	The Pemberton Prize for Geography	Iain Johnston	Cities of Canada
Year 4	The Dr. O. J. Firestone Prize for Mathematics	David Green	A Very Double Life
Year 5	Enriched English	Douglas Welch	Spandau
Year 5	French	Stephen Jay	Voyage of the Challenger
Year 5	Economics	Ian Higgins	Introduction to Mathematics and
Year 5	Biology	Ian Higgins	Voyage to World's Edge
Year 5	Chemistry	David Singh	Collected Poems of
Year 5	Mathematics	David Singh	T. S. Eliot
Year 5	Geography	Richard Tervo	French Canajan, Hé?
Year 5	History	Roger McGuire	Money — J. K. Galbraith
		Michael Evans	Mammals of Canada
			Instrumentation in
			Analytical Chemistry
			Mathematics in the Making
			The Last Spike
			Between Friends

The Prize for Intermediate Public Speaking

Lauchlan Munro

The Olympic Games

The E. E. Green Prize for Chapel Reading

Richard Tervo

Quotations on Christian Themes

The Dr. J. L. Ablack Prize for the Ashbury College Student attaining the highest score in the National Mathematics competition

Ross Brown

Mathematics in the Making (Plus Badge & Certificate)

The J. J. Marland Prize for Mathematics: Presented by Mr. & Mrs. Norman Zagerman

David Singh

Quantum Mechanics

The Ovenden College Prize for French: Presented for Raina S. Shoppoff by MRS. JOYCE

Graeme Clark

Larousse Pluri Dictionary

**THE LADIES' GUILD MERIT AWARDS: FOR DILIGENCE, EFFORT, AND IMPROVEMENT PRESENTED BY MRS.
G. ALLAN HARRIS, PRESIDENT OF THE LADIES' GUILD**

Year 1	Mark Dale
Year 2	Joseph Chin
Year 3	Shawn Verhey
Year 4	John Francis
Year 5	George McKenna

THE MEMORIAL PRIZES: PRESENTED BY MRS. STANFIELD

The A. B. Belcher Memorial Prize for Short Story Competition

Julian Longsworth The Intruders

The Snelgrove Memorial Prize for Middle School Mathematics — Years 1 & 2

Ross Brown This was the North and Elements of Calculus



Richard Sellers receives the year 3 History Prize

The Adam Podhradsky Memorial Prize for Modern History — Year 3

Richard Sellers The English

The Fiorenza Drew Memorial Prize for French — Year 4

The Robert Gerald Moore Memorial Prize for English — Year 4

Iain Johnston Longman's 20th Century Literature

The Gary Horning Memorial Shield for Senior Public Speaking

Philip Sellers Encyclopedia of Fish

The Hon. George Drew Memorial Prize for Advanced English — Year

Jan Higgins Secular Scripture

The Ekes Memorial Prize for Physics — Year 5

David Singh Life Before Man

TROPHIES AND SPECIAL AWARDS; PRESENTED BY THE HEADMASTER

The Boarder's Shield: For the senior school boarder, whose conduct and effort have done the most to enhance boarding life at Ashbury
Michael Bennett

The Wilson Shield: For Senior inter-house competition
Stephen Jay and George McKenna Co-captains Woolcombe House

The Charles Rowley Booth Trophy: For the greatest achievement in scholarship and athletics in Year 4 (Grade 12)
Clermont Veilleux Webster's Dictionary and Trophy

The Southam Cup: For the greatest achievement in scholarship and athletics in Year 5 (Grade 13)
Jeffrey Beedell Webster's Dictionary and Trophy

The Nelson Shield: Captain of the School Jeffrey Beedell

The Governor-General's Medal: David Singh



N. Fonay



The halls of power

Photos by Rimkus

FORUM FOR YOUNG CANADIANS

The Forum for Young Canadians was conceived, developed and finally inaugurated in March 1976 at Ashbury College. For two weeks during the regular winter break the School was home for a new, unique and quite remarkable educational programme.

On Saturday, 13th March, 100 students aged 16 and 17 selected by high schools in all the Provinces and Territories moved in for an intensive week of working together on a detailed study of "the dynamics of government". One week later the first hundred were replaced by a similar group and the programme was repeated. Two more courses are scheduled for June 1976 and the programme is planned to continue in the future adjusted according to experience.

Sessions during the days took place in committee rooms in the Parliament

Buildings, in the National Conference Centre and at the National Defence Medical Centre. In the evenings the meetings were at Ashbury. Thirty percent of the students were French-speaking and all sessions, including those at the College, were covered by simultaneous interpretation.

Speakers came from Cabinet — Mitchell Sharp, Warren Allmand, Jean Marchand, the Speakers of the Senate and the House of Commons (Hon. Renaud Lapointe and James Jerome), Parliamentarians including Senator Eugene Forsey, Flora Macdonald, John Turner, Walter Baker, Ed Broadbent, Herb Gray, Stanley Knowles, J. J. Blais, Senator David Croll, Senator Louis Robichaud, Donald Munroe, Cyril Syme, Perrin Beatty, Mark McGuigan, and Gordon Fairweather. Leading public servants such as John Carson, Chairman, Public Service Commission, Jean-Marc Hamel, the Chief Electoral officer, Gordon Robertson, Secretary to the

Cabinet for Federal-Provincial Relations, Edgar Gallant, Chairman, National Capital Commission and Blair Seaborn, Deputy Minister of the Environment took part. Antonio Lamer, Chairman, the Law Reform Commission and his Colleague, Gerard Laforest spoke about the Courts. Clive Baxter and J. M. Polquin on the Media. Michael Meighen and Senator Gil Molgat on political parties; A. J. de Granpré, President of Bell Canada and Sam Hughes, Executive Director Canadian Chamber of Commerce explained the role of business in determining public policy, and Shirley Carr and Julien Major, Vice Presidents of the Canadian Labour Congress gave the stand of Labour. Panels of minority group representatives included Carl Taylor, Vicki Santana, Raymond Boyer, Valerie Assenewe-Bristow.

From the Sunday morning Chapel Service (conducted by M.P.'s David Macdonald and Alex Patterson, both of

whom are ordained ministers) until Friday evening, each week was filled with intense activity, with five or six formal sessions per day.

Many agencies contributed. The Public Service Commission arranged five young professional administrative trainees to work with each course as Counsellors. They were all bilingual. The National Capital Commission provided guides and helped with interpretation services. The Houses of Parliament were quite properly the focal point of the programme. As well as full briefings by the Speakers and Clerks of both the Senate and the Commons, many of the sessions took place in Parliamentary Committee rooms. Most of the students met their own M.P.'s and they saw exciting action on the floor of the House of Commons.

A night at the National Arts Centre, a dinner with Members at the Parliament Buildings, a tour of Ottawa, a visit to Rideau Hall and the final banquet and dance spiced the week's activities. From their own overwhelmingly enthusiastic reports and letters, the first two hundred Forum students had a most remarkable and memorable experience.

In addition to Tony German, Director of Development, who is also the Forum's Executive Director, Housemaster Gordon Hyatt was Administrator and Masters James Bailey and James Humphreys took part as student supervisors. Mrs. J. Marland, the Matron, Chef Mark Taticek and the kitchen and maintenance staff were fully involved and did a wonderful job in making the students feel at home.

A very important factor was that these students from all parts of Canada lived together for a full week. The School provided an ideal home. Rap-sessions, snow-ball fights, singing round the piano, the discothèque, the dining hall, volley-ball — just getting to know one another — all these added their own dimension. French-English, East-West, City-Rural — biases and pre-conceptions came out, minds opened, ideas flowed, friendships formed. Working together to a common aim — the understanding of one's own country — gave these first class young people a solid basis on which they can build their, and Canada's future.

The programme has been most successfully launched. Two more courses are set for June, and next year is now being planned with continuing support from the people and institutions which have rallied to it, and with continued



Above: Senator Forsey chats with Marie Martin

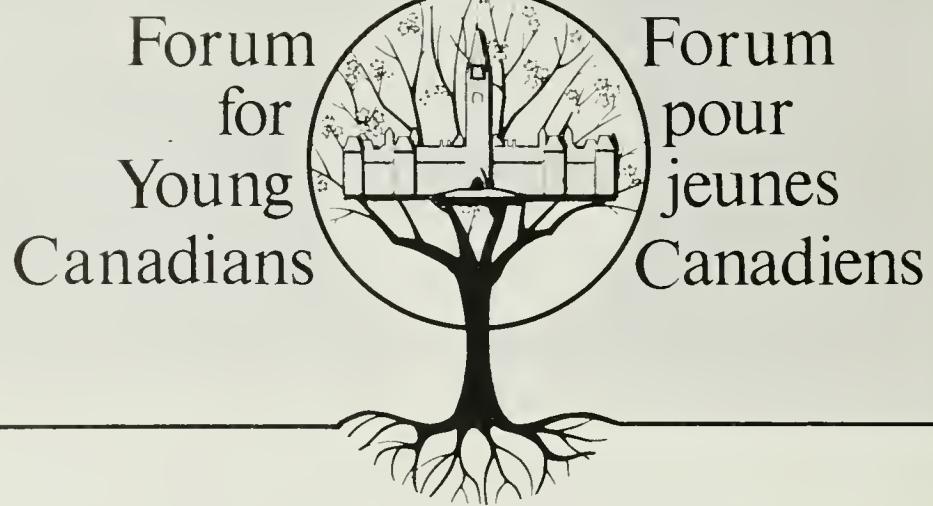
Below: Nick Brearton discovers the human element with Sandra Sampson



enthusiastic participation by the sort of first class young people who have already attended. The Forum for Young Canadians has a really significant and progressive part to play in the realm of Canadian education.

Ashbury College can look with justifiable pride on the success of its own initiative and with enthusiasm on a valuable and enriching addition to the life of the school itself.

Re-printed from The Ashbury News.



Forum
for
Young
Canadians

Forum
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jeunes
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**HOUSEMASTER'S REPORT — 2nd FLAT
WITH APOLOGIES . . .**

Masters' Common Room "There was a door to which I found no key,
There was a veil past which I could not see."

The 'Clande'
". . . Those who stood before
The Tavern shouted 'Open then the door'"

K.D.N.
"Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face."

The Locker Rooms
"Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

Mathematics
"A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears."

Choir
"With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats."

Dining Hall
"I heard a sound as of scaping tripe
And putting apples wondrous ripe
Into a cider press's gripe."

Morning on the Flats
"Methought I heard a voice cry
'Sleep no more'."

Chapel
"But if at the church they would give us some ale
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray."

Elmwood
"She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid who there were none to praise
And very few to love."

A.C.T.



MR. A. B. BELCHER
Senior Housemaster and Head of the English Department
1943-1963

A New Prize For The Best Short Story In The Upper School

A prize for the best short story in the upper school is most suitably named after Mr. A. B. Belcher, an English teacher at Ashbury from 1943 to 1963. The A. B. Belcher Memorial Prize commemorates a remarkable human being; he was, by all accounts, a superb teacher who could, in addition, act on stage and write prose or poetry as well as a professional.

'Duke' was a memorable figure as he ambled around each day in his bedroom slippers. His impact on individual students was lasting. As the memorial in the 1963 Ashburian stated:

We will have other teachers of English. . .
but whoever they may be they cannot take
Duke's place, and it is unlikely that their
influence on future generations of Ashbury
students will be as forceful and as permanent.

Mr. Belcher's teaching of English must surely have been enhanced by his professional experience on Broadway, an experience deepened by his close connection with a brilliant young C.B.C. group in Toronto which centred upon Mayor Moore.

As a writer, 'Duke' possessed great clarity and control of nuance, a skill widely recognized after he published a book of verse. His poems speak for themselves and two extraordinary and ageless lines in one of our chapel windows continue to haunt generations of Ashbury students. Try reading the poem aloud.

JUNE, 7:00 P.M.

On such a sunset evening.
Peace comes bubbling clear
From every well of tulip,
From every rose's spring.
The great wings of angels
In such a peace are furled.
And God runs quiet fingers
Through the tired hair of the world.



Senior Garcia at work

D.D.L.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE 1976 — S.S. UGANDA

Some twenty-eight students, Rev. Green and Mrs. Nesbitt left Ottawa on Friday, March 5 for this year's edition of the Mediterranean Cruise. Our immediate destination was Toronto, where we were to board our plane to London.

The eight-hour flight left most of us tired when we touched down in London. Nevertheless, we immediately embarked on a tour of London, which took up the morning of Saturday the 6th. We visited many famous landmarks, including Westminster Abbey, The Tower of London, London Bridge, Leicester Square, and what we did not stop to see we saw from the coach with quite an extraordinarily perfect commentary.

The remainder of Saturday was spent either wandering about Kensington, where our hotel was located, or catching up on lost sleeping hours. Early Sunday we left London for Venice. We boarded the S.S. Uganda upon our arrival in this Italian port, and no sooner were we settled aboard when we left for independent sightseeing throughout the city. Most of us visited the landmarks such as St. Mark's Square, the Rialto Bridge over the Grand Canal, and the many and varied churches. That evening, many of us tasted our first real Italian dishes, which were quite different in many respects than Italian foods that Canadians are accustomed to.

Monday was also spent sightseeing amid the first blizzard Venice had experienced in over ten years! However, the following morning the "Uganda" set sail for Heraklion, Crete.

The three days sailing down the Adriatic passed quickly, and were most enjoyable despite what the weather tried to do to us. One night we had force 7 winds (almost a mini-hurricane) which left most of us uncomfortable temporarily, but we all got our "sea-legs" rather quickly.

Upon our arrival in Heraklion, which was delayed several hours because of the inclement weather, we left on a tour of the Palace of Knossos, the centre of the ancient Minoan Civilization that flourished on Crete before 1000 B.C. We also saw the museum in Heraklion and toured the shopping districts. That evening we tried our first "souvlakis", a delicious Greek food. Everyone had a good time despite the rain that continued to pester us!

That night we left Crete bound for Egypt, and after another day at sea we arrived in Alexandria. We went on an all-day tour to Cairo, where we saw the Cairo Museum and its famed treasures from the tomb of Pharaoh Tutankhamoun, and other relics from before 3000 B.C. We also visited the Citadel, and the Mosque of Mohammed Ali (not the boxer), otherwise known as the Alabaster Mosque. We then went across the Nile to Giza to see the Great Pyramids and the Sphinx, which was unfortunately undergoing renovation and repairs. However, the weather was beautiful and we returned to the ship tired but happy.

The following morning was spent wandering about Alexandria itself, where we could barter with the Egyptians. After lunch, we left Africa and headed north towards the Aegean island of Khios.

The weather was good in Khios, which permitted us to go ashore. As the port was not deep enough for the Uganda, we had to get ashore by the ship's lifeboats. It certainly felt good to stand on dry land again after the previous day and night's force 10 wind hurricane!

There was no tour scheduled for Khios, as it was the first time "Uganda" had landed there, so we were free to wander at will. Some of us were lucky enough to meet a friendly Greek that showed us around the island. Khios has a huge library with



several hundred thousand books dating as far back as 1493, when Columbus was vacationing in the New World. Unfortunately, the museum was closed, so we missed many of the ancient relics of Khios. It is interesting to note that Khios is one of the Greek islands that claims it is the birthplace of the ancient Greek writer, Homer.

We returned to the ship at 12:30, and soon left for Istanbul. We landed there the following morning, and toured the old city. We saw the famous Blue Mosque, the basilica of Hagia Sophia, and Topkapi Palace with its priceless treasures. During the afternoon we wandered the immense Grand Bazaar of Istanbul — thousands of shops and 40 miles of streets. All too soon we had to leave Turkey for Athens, our final Port of Call aboard the Uganda. We spent the following day at sea, and we passed through the Dardanelles and saw the First World War monuments at Galipoli, and then across the Aegean to Piraeus.

We arrived in Greece the following morning and went on a tour of Athens. We visited the acropolis and saw the other sights from the coach. That afternoon we wandered about the shopping districts of Piraeus until we were called for our departure to the airport. We arrived in London that night (Saturday 20) and went straight to our hotel. The next morning, being a Sunday, meant that very few shops and sights were open. However, we saw the flea market of Petticoat Lane, and watched the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. That afternoon was again independent sightseeing.

On that last night, we went down to Westminster Pier for the Thames Cruise. There was a discothèque aboard, and everybody had a good time. However, the following morning we had to get up at dawn to leave for Gatwick airport. After an eight hour flight to Toronto and a five hour bus ride back to Ottawa, we were all exhausted, but there is no doubt that everyone enjoyed the trip immensely and learned a lot in the process. We all owe our thanks to "Jeep" Green and Mrs. Nesbitt, our party leaders and Chaperons, for their efforts and trials all geared for our benefit. All in all, the cruise proved to be a wonderful holiday and a fantastic experience!

— David Welch

CRUISE NOTES

The first impression of a mediterranean cruise on a school ship is of a hoard of students descending like visigoths on Rome or other far-away places. In such disasters the social side is frequently overlooked, but this side certainly provides many of the most memorable experiences of the cruise. In the rushing descent upon ancient places, closer ties are made with students from Ashbury that you thought you already, and the heady atmosphere is such that complete strangers will even stop and ask you the time of day. Almost anything can happen, like rape or pillage, and frequently does.

The movie on board the aircraft to London was "Doc Savage" who is a blond-haired, blue-eyed superhero. Nick Bejkosalaj was unwell on the way over and did not see the film but by some mysterious process of telepathy he became known instantly as 'Doc Savage' not only to Ashburians but to everyone else on the cruise also.

Ashbury students were divided into two halves which slept in separate dormitories both of which bore resemblances to Rome after it had been sacked. The younger half lived with some Nova Scotians, while the older half roomed with students from the Belleville area in "Stanhope" dormitory. Shortly thereafter, "Stanhope" was changed to the more appropriate name of Hades, until, that is, the authorities discovered the switch and rather testily removed the sign. Nonetheless, "Hades" won the deck hockey championship (led by "Doc Savage") and became well known from the captain's bridge to the boiler room.

Certainly 'Doc Savage' and 'Hades' will never be forgotten, Ashbury's 'tea and crumpets' image was shattered, perhaps forever, and young British girls now swoon or scream — depending upon their inclination — at the sight of an Ashbury jacket.



Stanhope dormitory



Rod Heyd haggling over the price of a camel steak



"Doc" Savage



Andre Straja, Eric Gall and friends

ARSON & THE ASSININE

Eye Witness Report —

Hell!! (expletive deleted), another early morning fire drill! I rolled out of bed into my 'Gad-About' housecoat, slid into a pair of shoes, splashed my face with cold water and proceeded to hustle guys off the flat.

After checking the lower flat and infirmary for stragglers, I went down to the front fire detector panel . . . zone 3 — Argyle Hall. This was the real thing. Skepticism changed to mild confusion amongst the half-asleep boarders as the hint of smoke wafted through the halls.

Seizing the nearest fire extinguisher, I jogged down the newcorridor into the Junior wing and up to the Argyle entrance. Ian Searth, the first prefect on the scene, came through the fire door coughing bitterly, followed by billows of black, acrid smoke. He quickly briefed me as to the fire's nature and priming another extinguisher, we made our way back through the smoke to aid Mr. McGuire. Though no open flames could be seen, the room was stifling hot and electrical wires in the ceiling crackled menacingly. Six extinguishers were exhausted on the smoke sources before the air became too thick to either see or breathe safely. An effort was then made by ladder from the outside south wall to discourage the smoke escaping through the exterior ventilation grids.

Finally, after the fire had been successfully stifled through the co-operative effort of teacher and prefect alike, the fearless firefrightening brigade sired onto the grounds. The element of danger now removed, the entertainment commenced.

No less than four fire trucks accompanied by several fire chief station wagons arrived. I directed two burly firemen to the Argyle doors. Before entering, I cautioned them that they would need oxygen masks. They waved off my suggestion but the doors had hardly closed when they came out gagging, to radio down for masks. Meanwhile, outside, a crew of three firemen, after considerable efforts to detach the ladder from the truck, were trying to stand it up against the wall. Two large windows fell prey to their first two unsuccessful attempts. They had almost secured the ladder properly when

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some axe-happy fellow inside Argyle knocked out two more panes of glass, the shattered pieces raining down on the hapless unfortunates below. The fellow leaned out the window to make his apologies only to be cut short by a strong blast of the first ground hose starting up. Corrected by the somewhat more competent fire chief, the hosebearing fireman adjusted his aim to the roof joint rather than through the broken windows. Others sealed up to the rooftop on the automatic extension were using their ladder and were winding up their axes to chop through the roof tar when a fortuitous retreat signal was sounded. Everything wound down reminding me of the end of a Keystone Cops film. The farcical firemen retired to their trucks. Mr. Joyce stopped wincing. Mr. Hyatt stopped taking pictures. Mr. McGuire left to go running and a bewildered Mr. Rice showed up under the impression that his library was on fire.

This had been Ashbury history in the making. Firemen had destroyed more in fifteen minutes than misguided students had in the course of several years. Damage on the inside of Argyle hall was comprised of partial demolition of the false roof, broken windows, burnt curtains and lifted tiles. Despite the bustle of policemen, fire marshals and insurance investigators on the premises, the academic day progressed as usual. In fact, to the probable disappointment of the anonymous arsonist, the windows and roof were plasticized and the floor repolished so that the following day's annual Ladies' Guild luncheon occurred bearing some aura of normality. Ashbury life conditions one to regard the abnormal as normal . . .

JEFF BEEDELL



Photos by G. Hyatt

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PISTE DU GATINEAU

Definitely, one of the most memorable weekend experiences for me this year was the trip up to Mont-Sté-Marie in the Spring. It was advertised as a 'trail-blazing' expedition through a section of the proposed Piste du Gatineau. Due to the composition of the work party, it evolved into a global debate over conflicting philosophies. Nothing substantial was resolved but the fact that George Duong (Singapore), Algie Leacock (Barbados), Andrew Leung (Hong Kong), Siavash Abrishami (Iran), and myself (Sarsfield) were even able to agree on which way the trail should go was a miracle in itself.

We wore out a lot of boot leather during the two days we tramped through the Quebec bush which taught us how to truly appreciate such luxuries as sleep, food and water.

Our thanks go out to Mr. German who hosted us and showed us how to wake up at 5:30 a.m., to climb relentlessly up the sides of mountains, ford streams and forget about women.

J. BEEDELL

ELECTRONICS CAREER VISIT

Once again Ross Brown's father took it upon himself to immerse a group of six students into the field of electronics for a careers visit. In the course of the day we managed to see an awful lot.

Our first stop was the computer centre and other computer related departments, including the one headed by Mr. Brown, at N.R.C. Then we went to Bell Northern Research and saw, among other things, the design and small scale production of integrated circuits. After that we went to Digital Electronics where computers are manufactured. Finally we visited the Ottawa Hydro generating station at the Chaudiere Falls.

Our thanks is due to all of these companies and especially to Mr. Brown for organizing the trip.

DAVID CARLSON



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Bahama Islands, Grand Cayman

THE INTERNATIONAL BACCALAUREATE

Few people outside Ashbury are aware of the fact that, in May, a number of Ashbury students, for the first time, sat examinations under the International Baccalaureate system which operates out of Geneva.

In 1975, Ashbury was admitted to the I. B. and the school is investigating the possibilities of this external examination system which runs parallel with the Ontario Credit System. This year 15 students took one or more subjects at the subsidiary level in Economics, Geography, and History. Students receive a certificate for the subjects they pass.

Our purpose is to maintain and to improve the academic standards at Ashbury.

The I. B. is an internationally recognized examination system which we hope will 'stretch' our bright students through healthy competition with other students in the global village.

A. M. MACOUN



N. Fonay

THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY CLUB

This year in an attempt to do something different Paul Campbell, Connor O'Neill, Manuel Almudevar, Ian Burke-Robertson, Julian Longsworth, John Francis, myself, and sometimes Bruce Taylor decided to organize a political philosophy club. Despite the fact that it sounds subversive and conspiratorial the club was sometimes quite constructive in its discussions about politics, economics, and sociology. Besides, the members were too divided on the many volatile issues to be of any threat to Ashbury traditions.

The discussions in the club ranged from debates on the viability of capitalism, the nature of communism, Cuba's role in Angola, American-Soviet foreign policy, North American society, Anarcho-progressivism, dialectical materialism, Marxism, Fascism and our own political opinions to such relevant topics as shopping centers in Cornwall, Aztec symbols and H. P. Lovecraft. The discussions were often very heated as the club polarized into factions.

However we could not be thinking and discussing all the time. Thus on one memorable winter Tuesday snowballs were flying instead of political slogans.

The accomplishments of the club were perhaps obscured by the sometimes discouraging lack of objectivity expressed by all of us on different occasions. Nevertheless, an awareness of each other, our political views and an awareness of political problems did help in breaking down our ignorance. If the club did not achieve anything particularly tangible it most definitely provided the solution to the world's problems — democratic, open and co-operative discussion is the only answer to the ignorance, shortsightedness and selfish competition represented by many in Government, Labour and Business. We can only hope that by protecting those democratic institutions which enable open discussion to take place, many more people will see the value of co-operation and the danger of extremism.

IAIN JOHNSTON

STUDENT FUND RAISING AT ASHBURY

During the school year, we have seen a number of major student fund raising campaigns which have gained good support from the Ashbury student body.

The greatest financial success came with the appearance of some 200 Ashbury students in 'number one' dress on the streets of Ottawa on "Daffodil Day" to collect money for the Canadian Cancer Society. Over \$4700 was collected that day. This was followed by Ashbury's winning the "Metres for Millions" contest among the high schools of the area for the most money raised per student for Oxfam. It was fitting that the captain of the school, Jeff Beedell, completed the course (56 metres) and so raised over \$2500 on behalf of Ashbury.

Other collections during the year included Michael Bennett's efficient organization of the Quacha's Nek raffle which garnered some \$500 and the Christmas Appeal which was supported by each student in the dining hall who did without a Christmas dinner. A 'fast' dinner in the Fall netted \$175. Finally, books and clothing were collected for the Ottawa Church Reception Centre.

There is no doubt that the student body have made a fine effort towards helping, in some small way, people who are less fortunate than ourselves. I hope this part, at least, of the "Spirit of '76" will continue to thrive at Ashbury.

A. M. MACOUN

A CAREERS VISIT

On November 18th, 1975, a full van of year 5 students accompanied by Mr. Macoun, left for the backwoods operations as a combined Geography-Careers visit.

Upon arriving at the mill at Masson we were greeted by a picket line but we entered the grounds unharrassed. With booklets and hard hats, we set off northwards.

The first stop was the Poupor Slasher Mill on the banks of the Lievre, a depot where softwood logs are sawed and dumped into the river bound for the mill at Masson. Although the process of sawing and dumping did not vary we stared fascinated for half an hour.

Taking dirt roads through very wild country, we came to a cutting site where a prototype machine was in use pinching the trees like scissors then loading them onto a truck behind. By this time it was close to noon and after a brief look at the construction of a company road we came to the railroad depot of the hardwood operations. From this depot, the hardwood journeys on flatcars down to the Thurso saw Mill, our final stop.

The hour spent at Thurso was interesting but time ran out on us and we had to cut our visit short. We are grateful to Mr. Macoun and to Mr. Marland for organizing the trip.

R. McGuire



Photos by G. Duong

THE CLEANING COMPANY

This year's company was run differently than its predecessors were. In order to try and make the company more realistic, the school offered the management of the company to the holder of the lowest bid for the contract. They also did not provide any equipment necessary for the cleaning company such as vacuums, brooms etc.

After the initial investment of 500 dollars for a vacuum and some brooms and garbage bags, the company has gone steadily uphill. The quality of work has been generally good, perhaps a bit better than previous years, but not as good as it could be.

Financially, the company has done well and returned a 45% dividend by the end of the year. But perhaps more important is that a new vacuum cleaner has provided a solid foundation for next year's company.

DAVID CARLSON

THE ASHBURY STUDENT MAINTENANCE COMPANY ASMCO

A new company under the name of the Maintenance Company was formed under the direction of Michael Bennett. This company assisted in the outside maintenance landscaping and always helped in the special events throughout the year. By the end of the school year the company had given a total restricted dividend of 70% out of its highly lucrative profits out to the shareholders.

Company directors were as follows: Ron Burnett (Chairman), David Carlson, and Michael Bennett. We owe special thanks to Mr. Heyd and Mr. Rice who assisted in their excellent advice throughout the year.

MICHAEL BENNETT
President

ACTION ASHBURY ROUNDUP

In late 1973 Action Ashbury — the School's fund-raising arm — started a campaign to raise \$750,000 to cover the cost of the new building and renovation programme. The Board of Governors kicked off the with pledges of \$230,000 between them. Following this lead, canvasses of the Ashbury community — Parents, Old Boys, and friends plus many Canadian Corporations and foundations which believe in independent education — netted donations and pledges which, as of May 1976, total \$621,000. \$459,000 has been received in cash to date.

Here's where it's coming from:

Board of Governors	230,000
Parents	100,000
Old Boys	60,000
Friends	80,000
Corporations	100,000
Foundations	50,000

Tony German hopes, as we all do, that the gap of \$130,000 can be closed as quickly as possible. To rest content at this point would find interest rates pushing the school farther from its goal — just when that goal is within sight.

NEW OCEAN DEVELOPMENTS

New Ocean Developments was formed for the study of underwater phenomena and man's reaction both psychologically and physiologically to a foreign environment.

In order to fulfill this purpose, New Ocean Developments (N.O.D.) will use two types of apparatus, primarily the use of Underwater Habitats and secondarily the use of specialized diving equipment.

A body must first learn to crawl before he can walk, and walk before he can run. One can apply this analogy to N.O.D.

The first step comprised a three day underwater stay at Lake Heney using Ashbury's "Project Neptune". This expedition involved six people, four acting as ground crew and two divers who remained underwater for seventy-two hours.

The ground crew was comprised of Don Schriber, John Moore, Keith MacDonald and Scott Becker.

Those two people who spent those seventy-two hours underwater were Ian Search and Chris Friesen.

The second step to take place this summer will be Freshwater Innerspace Dwelling. This idea entails the placing of two steel underwater Habitats at a depth of 26 feet. They will be cylindrical in shape approximately 16 feet high and 20 feet in diameter.

In the habitats six aquanauts will break the world's record for continuous underwater habitation by spending 30 days (720 hours) working and living on the bottom of a lake.

After this stage comes the biggest step of all, Atlantic Ocean Project (A.O.P.) This will involve the placing of five habitats on the bottom of the continental shelf at a depth of 300 to 450 feet. They will be approximately 20 feet high and be connected by plexiglas cylinders each eight to ten feet long.

Each habitat has a different function, one being a laboratory, another living quarters for the aquanauts, one habitat for storage, still another for maintenance and most important of all the one containing the life support system.

This project which is self supporting will enable 15-20 marine scientists to work and live without any fear of marine animals (i.e. sharks).

As these projects require financing, N.O.D. has instituted two projects.

Firstly, already in existence is a dive club. This club, operating in the Ottawa area, is essentially an educational organization. Through it the common public divers and non-divers alike can learn about the underwater world through movies, lectures and dive tours. Its purpose is to fund research and to educate the participants about the potential of the underwater world.

Secondly, N.O.D. will be opening a dive store in the Ottawa area within the coming year. By offering prices lower than competitors (through a lower overhead) we hope to serve the diving public and use money thereby gained for research purposes.

Through these projects N.O.D. hopes to achieve a better knowledge of the underwater world, therefore increasing the margin of safety for man, both physiologically and psychologically, each time he enters the water.

(The authors wish to thank Ian Search for his help in outlining the workings of his company).

KEITH MACDONALD



From Hong Kong to Barbados,
from Texas to Cornwall . . .

THE FLAT RATS



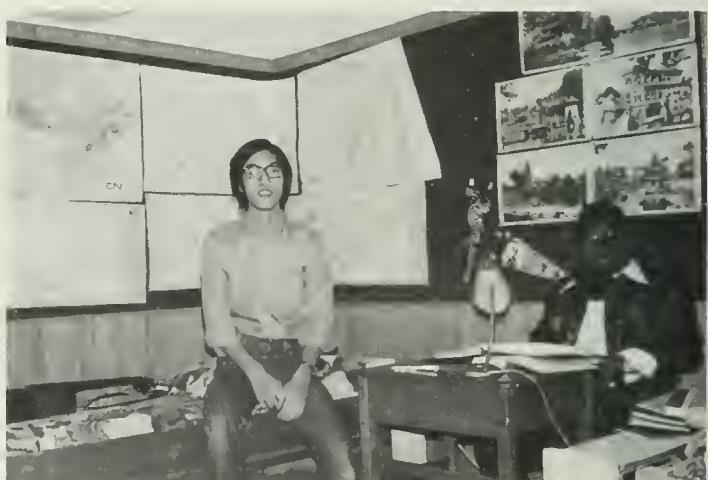
George Duong and Mark Grossmith



Early morning rush for the can



The shower dwellers



George Ng and Algie Leacock

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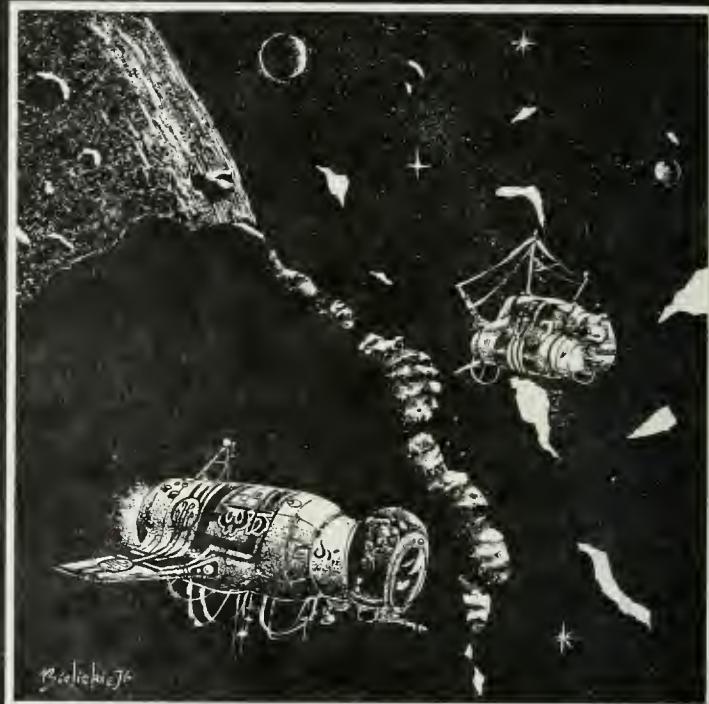
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INDEPENDENT PRESS

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THE INDEPENDENT PRESS

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DECEMBER 1975

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Good morning boys! Sit down please!

FEBRUARY 1976 *The Independent Press*

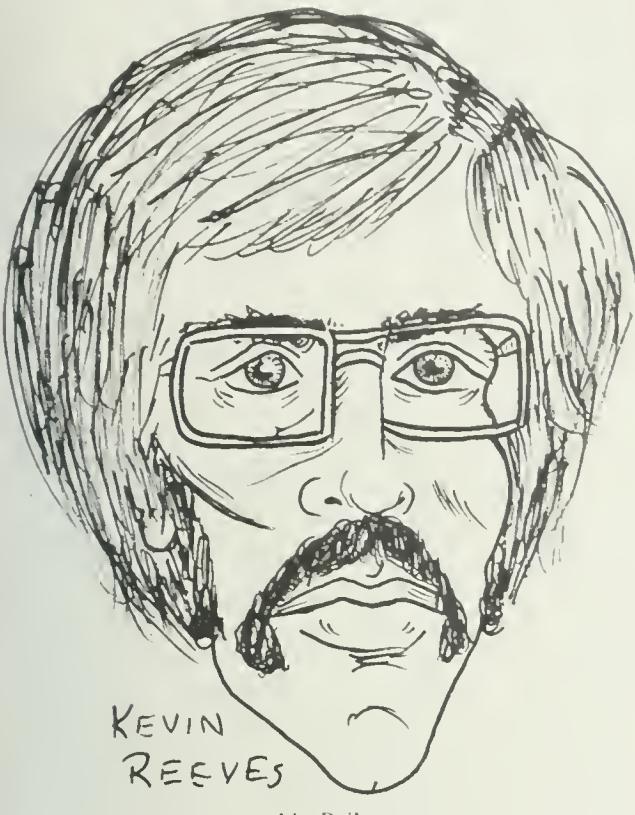


SPECIAL FEATURE:

An article by gold medallist Kathy Kreiner

PERSPECTIVES

(THESE ARTICLES APPEARED
AS PART OF A SPECIAL
SECTION IN THE
INDEPENDENT PRESS)



PERSONALITY: MR. BAILEY

Mr. Bailey has just begun his first year at Ashbury, teaching French and coaching the Bantam football team. In order to find out a little about his outlook and background I conducted an informal interview with him. The first question I posed to the supposedly "green" master was, "What made you get into teaching in the first place, or what was it that appealed to you in this profession?" After a moment's thought he explained that in his last two years of highschool he became interested in languages. His classics teacher had some influence on him, being a teacher that impressed Mr. Bailey considerably. In talking over the relative attributes of the profession with the teacher, and having done some tutoring of nine and tenth graders in his final years, Mr. Bailey decided that this was the life for him. What appealed to him initially was the possibility of dealing with personalities, and shaping them to a small extent by one's own abilities. To use an old phrase, it was a job in which one meets people; but certainly not one to get rich by, he added. Also the tangible advantages of working quite hard during several months but then having the whole summer and two other vacations to recharge one's batteries, Mr. Bailey finds desirable. But, Mr. Bailey added, the key point is that teaching just simply appealed to him, on a grassroots level.

I then asked what appealed to him coming to a private school as opposed to a public school. He explained that he had taught at D'Arey McGee High School before coming to Ashbury. At D'Arey McGee, three schools of reasonable size had been merged into one enormous school with about 1,800 students. Classes were enormous, none less than 22 and some up to 35. The smaller, more intimate Ashbury set-up appealed much more to Mr. Bailey. Being able to know each student personally, and spend time dealing with their respective difficulties, made, he found, a considerable difference. These small numbers make the class more manipulative, and allow for more individual attention. Also Mr. Bailey explained, a student is far less self-conscious in a small class, and less embarrassed to ask and answer questions. This leads to a better atmosphere in the classroom and the school as a whole. Finally, the opportunity to get involved in the sports and other activities as a whole with the students was a plus.

Finally, I asked what period of his life up till now he considers to have been his best. Naturally, he explained, certain times appealed to him in different ways, but his last few years of highschool he found to be a time that he would happily live over. Aside from the fact that he began to find girls attractive and playing a larger part in his life at that age, he found that he could apply himself to what he did and succeed, and the confidence that this brought him made him able to get involved with all that was going on about the school. Indeed this philosophy of trying to get into everything going on and being outgoing in anything one does carried over into his first teaching job at D'Arey McGee, where he was in charge of "student animation", in other words, being in charge of dances, clubs, companies, and student extra-curricular life as a whole. It was a killer of a job, he explained, involving for example, the responsibility of avoiding 'zoos' at school dances of over 1500 people. But he liked it. In total Mr. Bailey explained, he believes that it is best to try and do and get involved with as much as you can; in effect, to get as much as you can out of each opportunity.

MALE CHAUVINISM (or "THEY HAVE TO BE JOKING")

So-called male superiority has not stopped Woman from getting exactly what she wants, when she wants it. Boadicea, that ancient Briton, achieved her queenship through a forceful urge for power. Cleopatra, the beautiful Egyptian, attained her fame through another urge, just as powerful, but best not mentioned here. Emily Pankhurst and her followers, ignoring the injunction "you have nothing to lose but your chains", marched themselves to No. 10 Downing Street and won the vote for the women of England.

In the face of all this evidence, how can Adam look into Eve's round mascaraed eyes and tell her that he has always been superior and has won on every issue? The key to a woman's power is that of her bedroom, and it has moved more mountains than the Neolithic Club, the chastity belt or the atom bomb.

As we are a sex conscious world, I would like to straighten out some terms in constant use. As Mrs. Gundy would be the first to agree, the male chauvinist pig of this world should really be the male chauvinist boar, or perhaps to be more definite, the male chauvinist bore!

So, girls of Elmwood, gird up your loins, and demand equality as your right. After all . . . WHY NOT?

ALEX PALOUR

I.S.D. HIGGINS

A CRITICISM by "ZIT"
(Ms. Kathy Zimmerman)

Having survived the beginnings and short existences of many varied school newspapers from my grade seven year to my present lofty student status in grade thirteen at Lisgar, I conceitedly consider myself to be a connoisseur of such publications. Not only have I read many school journals, at the age of about twelve I was the editor and only contributing (and/or non-contributing) staff member of a rather pathetic 'newspaper' variously named "The Pilgrims' Progress" (not one for originality) and "The Dusty Attic". I actually succeeded in selling (by my cuteness, which I have now, unfortunately, lost) a ten cent subscription to the Trudeau household, after which it ceased publication. That lengthy resumé was to prove that I am not writing out of sheer frustration and ignorance, and feel that I can perceive the causes of downfall in most school newspapers.

The point of this justification of opinion is to enable a criticism to be made of "The Independent Press". Firstly, it resembles "The Ashburian" — a negative trait since sports are not of universal interest — and 5 pages is decidedly overdoing it. Elmwood was totally neglected and claims that a certain restaurant of ill repute would sue for slander were both unfounded, unlikely, and easily avoidable. The editor's crusade for "Freedom of the Press" was not in keeping with the restriction placed upon articles. Reviews are favourable *and* unfavourable.

It is painfully obvious that Ashbury as always wants to be in complete control of this supposed co-effort. May it be remembered that political commentaries and profuse sports articles do not a newspaper make.

The ads were somewhat juvenile — talking about cannabis sales as a huge joke went out of style almost before it began, which was long before most of us "hit" grade nine (man). Kevin Keeves' artwork is great. The "centrefold" seemed somewhat irrelevant — and the insinuation was surely not appreciated by the Elmwood girls.

Hopefully this "biting criticism" (which is not a criticism of biting-sorry to the dentists among you) will be useful. In summation — keep most of the sports for "The Ashburian" consider the interests of both schools (this does not mean "sewing tips" and "riotous recipes"), and include contributions from your green-clad counterparts across the park.

MANDATE '76'

"Good Evening. This is Jim Smith and tonight on "What the Hell is Happening" we have three distinguished scholars to discuss the prefect elections as the returns are coming in. On my right is Dr. Smedley Bore, professor of Menial Studies at the University of Occasional Training. On my left sits Flauntevoy Walmsely, journalist of the Independent Press and next to him is Marvin Scooter, Prefectologist and author of three books — *Prefects I Have Known*, *Prefect — The Missing Link?* and *101 Ways to Put a Boarder to Bed*."

"Well Gentlemen, the returns are coming in from different polls across the school. It looks as though Lewis Lackey is ahead with Jerry Jock very close behind. Well, Smedley, can we make any predictions as to the outcome of this election?"

"Well . . . yes as it is extremely difficult to make a prediction of such magnitude considering all the criterion that I have received in my perseverance for some positive trends lacks substantial substance".

"What about you Flauntevoy?"

"Well it looks as though, perhaps, this election could turn out like all the others. There is no indication that any hot-blooded young radicals are ahead. But if nothing interesting or exciting develops, I'm sure that our editorial staff can whip up something."

"Wait . . . we have some more returns . . . a major trend is developing. It looks as though Lewis Lackey has fallen behind Jerry Jock. But a new face has entered the picture . . . It is a member of a minority group, Joe Muckraker. Do you see anything significant in this development, Marvin?"

"In my extensive studies I have seen many prefect elections and it is indeed rare that a type like Muckraker is elected. I would like to point out, however, that *fortunately* due to the unequal allocation of the voting privileges, there is little chance that Joe Muckraker will get elected."

"Thanks Marvin. Well almost all the polls are in and it looks as though . . . Yes an upset has occurred. We have learned that an unknown candidate, Dave Whatshisface has won the election. Present information seems to indicate that he is unknown amongst the years, 1, 2 and 3. We can speculate that in fact he received most of the vote of the small but influential year 4, 5 and prefect bloc. Well professor how do you react?"

"It seems, Jim that the winning candidate has received the most votes. In effect he has defeated his opponents. Significantly though, the losing candidates lost to Mr. Whatshisface purely because they got fewer votes. We should watch for this type of development in future elections."

"Flauntevoy?"

"Yes well . . . Of course I'm pleased with the results but I would just like to say that the Independent Press will do everything in its power to uncover election scandals."

"What's your opinion Marvin?"

"I'm not going to commit myself yet until I have seen this new prefect in action. There are indications that he can tell people effectively to do up their jackets and ties but nevertheless the test will come when trying to put boarders to bed. I'm confident that Dave Whatshisface will make a fine prefect as long as he shows some concern for the students."

"Thanks, Dr. Smedley Bore, Flauntevoy Walmsely, and Marvin Scooter for discussing the prefect elections. Tune in next week when we will have an in-depth, involved and exciting discussion about sex in schools and what should be done or whether there is too much being done. This is Jim Smith. Good night."

THE TOAD



B - B - Q

June 1976

U.L.: Mrs. Mierins and
Joane Harvey,
Helen Harvey and
Lisa.
U.R.: The Burnetts
L.: 144 chickens
R.: 1/2 chicken on a plate
L.L.: Mr. & Mrs. Aliferis
L.R.: Mme. et M. Monk et Chris



Photos by D.D.L.

FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY



Mr. Perry



Chipman's Hash House



Jim Donnelly, François Belanger, Brian McCordick



Jim Wedd, Ted Marshall, Ray Anderson and Mike Devlin



Mark O'Farrell



Derek Pryde and Lesley Milne

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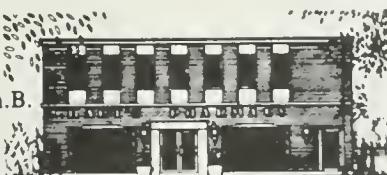
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MUSIC AND DRAMA AT ASHBURY

An evening of music and drama was presented on Thursday 8th April by the Ashbury Wind and Brass Ensemble and the Junior Dramatic Arts Class; the programme was reported on Friday and Saturday.

The Wind and Brass Ensemble, under the direction of Mr. Alan Thomas, consisting of baritone, four clarinets, two flutes, two saxophones, trombone and four trumpets, performed arrangements of Vivaldi's Concerti Nos. 3 and 4 in C and Mozart's Wind Serenade No. 11 in E flat. The musicians played with agreeable tone and precision, displaying a confidence born of thorough rehearsal, and there was a pleasing absence of feet beating out the time — an unsightly feature of so many amateur ensembles. In the Vivaldi works, Mr. Thomas provided a skilful simulation of a harpsichord on an electronic organ kindly lent by Roger McGuire.

The Junior Dramatic Arts Class, directed by Mr. Drummond Lister, presented "A Barnyard Story", a one-act play freely adapted from George Orwell's fable *Animal Farm*. This entertaining piece, eminently suited to the talents of the performers, was well staged and acted with a clarity of enunciation which was most commendable.

The roles of Mr. Jones, a farmer, and Napoleon, a pig, were played (necessarily, from the point of view of dramatic credibility) by two actors older than the rest of the cast. As Mr. Jones, Stephen Jay acted convincingly, refraining from overdoing the state of drunkenness which was required. Graeme McKenna, as Napoleon, gave a forceful and well-controlled



David Farquhar waits for the blood to dry



The robots attack

performance; I did, however, feel that he might have been an even more dominating personality had his appearance been given an impression of greater age.

There were three other "leading pigs": Brian Baxter (Snowball) gave an authoritative performance, despite a tendency to speak too fast at times; John Lund was a credibly senile Major, while Michael Bravo portrayed a volubly sycophantic Squealer, showing a considerable gift of facial expression.

Chris Molson, another guest performer with the class, and Iain Morton (two carthorses), played their parts most commendably; Douglas Chomyn, Michael Sourial and Tim Wilson appeared as three unpleasantly aggressive dogs.

Those playing various barnyard animals (too numerous to mention by name) are to be complimented on keeping well in character: I was pleased to see that their interest did not flag and that, when required to do so, they were able to stand still, watching and listening to the action.

Later performances showed increased polish, including greater quickness on cues. Graeme McKenna was unable to take part in the final performance, having to travel to New York City for an audition; he was replaced by the Director, Mr. Lister, who brought experience and a sure technique to the part.

The lighting and sound effects were well handled and, in the latter connection, thanks are due to Radio Station C.K.C.U. (Carleton University) for help in making the tape. Mr. Bob Rice, with his usual competence, forged the lighting crews into an effective team in less than three days. For the pleasing set (using real barn siding lent by Mr. John Beedell, Mr. Frank Claydon, Mr. Bruce Lister, and Mr. Ken Lund) we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Paul Picard, who erected the heavy boards in a limited space and with great ingenuity.

Many thanks to the Directors, to all the performers, and to all backstage and front-of-house personnel for their contribution to three most enjoyable evenings.

J. A. G.

ASHBURY WIND AND BRASS ENSEMBLE

Michael Puttick	BARITONE
Siegfried Foessl	CLARINETS
Dave Green	
Gad Perry	
Iain Johnston	FLUTES
John Rogers	
Bruce Hicks	SAXOPHONES
Bruce Taylor	
Bob Morrison	TROMBONE
Pierre Caux	TRUMPETS
Alan Maybee	
John Mierins	
Shawn Verhey	

CAST OF BARNYARD STORY

Mr. Jones	Stephen Jay
Snowball, a pig	Brian Baxter
Napoleon, a pig	Graeme McKenna
Major, a pig	John Lund
Squealer, a pig	Michael Bravo
Boxer, a carthorse	Chris Molson
Clover, a carthorse	Iain Morton
The Three Dogs	Douglas Chomyn Michael Sourial Tim Wilson

VARIOUS BARNYARD ANIMALS

Andrew Brearton	Douglas MacDonald
David Farquhar	Gordon Maclare
Mark Ferguson	James Puttick
James Fraser	Clifford Quain
Tony Graham	David Tamblyn
Nanno Habets	John Wenkoff
Barry Johnston	Tim Weynerowski
Jim Lahey	Martin Wostenholme
Pierre La Traverse	



The triumph of totalitarianism



The Lead: Graeme McKenna

LIGHTING

Manuel Almudevar
Michael Bennett
Ross Brown
Gordon McLean
Mr. R. D. Rice

MUSIC

Kevin Reeves

SETS AND COSTUMES

Brian Baxter Iain Morton
John Lund William Robinson
Kelly Mahoney Murray Walsh

The Cast wishes to thank Mr. Paul Picard, who designed and mainly built the set.

SOUND EFFECTS

Jeff Beedell
Ian Scarth

We wish to thank Radio Station C.K.C.U. (Carleton University) for its considerable help in making the tape.



"My God — it's immoral!"

SPIRIT WEEK

Spirit Week itself got off to a resounding start with Skid Breakfast (this is not, by the way, a service for snow-trapped motorists on 417.) Skid Breakfast is a chance for all Ashbury boarders to actively release all of their explosively pent up, burning Aggressively Revolutionary Anti-Establishment fervour by not wearing a tie to breakfast, after which, having relentlessly bucked the system long enough, to change into regulation school dress for the day.

Following that after school, was the Beauty and Bake Contest at Elmwood, where people got a chance to make the other school look foolish at the same time they make fools of themselves. Both schools got roasted. Following the beauty contest there was a bake contest marred only by the fact that someone, feeling his or her creation unworthy of Human Consumption baked it in such a way as to hasten its elimination once ingested. If you want your cake out, then keep it out in the first place.

The tobogganning on a seemingly vertical slope provided some great sliding. (And some good sledding too.) After the exercise, Steve Jay, jammed into a car with Anne Herlihy and others, said, "My fingers are goddam frozen. And I won't tell you what's frozen as well." This remark prompted Ian Higgins to reply, "Sure Steve, but *that's* always frozen."

As for the other staid spectacle Thursday, it proved once again that talent still exists in both schools. I've heard. I must have missed it during a yawn.

Thank you to the few who did go up there with some adequate preparation and skill, but the grain was buried in the chaff, so to speak. Maybe next year, the chaff could stay away.

The real educational experience of course came Wednesday, when teachers were shown how a class should really be run, as students took over for the day. That day the attire was extremely varied and fierce, including a rather well-known Nazi, until Mr. Niles disarmed us.



John Rogers in Los Vegas

Everybody participated in Spirit Week (RIGHT?). You should be well aware that it all ended Friday night with a Dance. At this dance people danced, and talked and did other things people usually do at dances.

And on the fifth day we rested.

MANUEL ALMUDEVAR



Sue Atack, Steve Comis, Jeff Beedell

JAKE

The first time in three years that Mr. Marland called me by my first name was on the last day of school, the last class of the year — a Function class. In this class the 13's threw a surprise farewell party for him, and he said to me, "Ian, would you go and bring my wife here please." To him I had always been "Mr. Higgins."

More often than thrice during a spare he would say, "Mr. Higgins, could I see you for a moment please?" He would then discuss my progress in university applications, my school-work in general, or life as a whole. One can detect a streak of the existentialist in Mr. Marland. During one class, after explaining a problem on the board, he said, "Now look, there may be something in store for us after we die, but we don't know that, so you must make the most of your lives, getting as much out of it as you can. Now get to work. Page 236, Exercise V, numbers 2, 3, 4, 5 a and b, 7, 9 . . ."

Mr. Marland is a teacher who cared about me as an individual, where I was, where I am going, that I shall lead a full life. The highest aspiration one can hope for is to be a man. I shall remember Mr. Marland as just that — a fine man — and as such shall visit him when I am in town.

IAN HIGGINS

AS JAKE USED TO SAY...

"You have to put the dominator into the same basket . . . Yes, I know you're looking at one."

"I don't see what the struggle is — it's like pulling teeth from a banana."

"What? No pencil? You're worse than a plumber!"

"Boys, if you were outside, in the world, on stage, you'd get paid for what you do in my class."

"How's that graph, sir?"

"My boy, it looks like it's drunk."

"Now John is not satisfied with that answer. Right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I believe in satisfied customers."

"Are there any questions? Don't be afraid to ask . . . I'll only blow you over."

KEN HEED

Ken Heed left Ashbury as accountant last year to join a lumber company in Vancouver. It was an unfortunate oversight that The Ashburian failed to say 'hail and farewell' when it should have done last June. We hasten to do so now.

Ken was with us from 1969 to 1975 as accountant-bookkeeper. Always willing to come in early or to stay late, his industriousness was matched only by his cheerful efficiency. In addition to his accounting responsibilities, he did a great deal of the purchasing for the school and assisted in the management of the maintenance and cleaning personnel.

Ken entered wholeheartedly into the life of the school, playing cricket for the masters and attending school functions such as Old Boys' Dances with considerable élan.

We miss him but we know that with his enterprising spirit he has moved on to even greater challenges.

D. D. L.

THE U.N. CONFERENCE

It was fun — or at least that is what we told ourselves as we marched into school on Monday morning waiting for applause, triumphant, holding our heads up high, in the secure knowledge that we would soon be in the real U.N., following in the footsteps of Mike Pearson — at the very least. The real thing . . . not just cardboard signs with the country's name hastily scribbled on with a magic marker, and with more or less insulting comments added on in green ink by the delegate from Tonga. Not a really echoing gymnasium where you get to share your microphone with fifty other vindictive nuts. Not kidnappings by delegates who believe that action speaks better'n words, and filthy messages and the hockey banquets so that there is no food in sight until the nearest Macdonald's, and the mayor of Mississauga giving a speech and organisers who keep thanking each other for "the marvellous job you're doing, without you this couldn't be possible. . . ."

Not long, boring speeches delivered by students who are about to break down and cry, they are so nervous, and because they know nothing about the topic — how would you like to formulate foreign policy of the Maldivian Islands, wherever they are — rather, long boring speeches delivered by real U.N. delegates who know less than "those crazy high-school kids we sent a letter of encouragement to."

Oh well . . . we had fun. Roger McGuire caught up on his sleep. Ian Johnston and Bob Morrison, we discovered, are sincere and avowed communists. Ask them for a speech: they have a super repertoire including "divisionist scoundrels" and "the spirit of comraderie and fellowship which exists against the Imperialist West . . ."

Then some miracles, (no saints, sorry).

Nick Brearton saw a girl.

Robin Smith spoke.

The winter did not.

To be concise, Ashbury sent two delegations to the Southern Ontario Students' Model U.N. Assembly, at Port Credit Factory . . . I mean high-school . . . somewhere outside of Toronto and six students missed two whole, entire and total days of school.

GRAEME CLARK

QACHA'S NEK RAFFLE

On Thursday, May 20, at 8:30 AM the annual Qacha's Nek raffle was held in the gymnasium. The following fifteen items composed the prize list: (1) AM-FM clock-radio, from Commercial TV. (2) \$25 gift certificate from E. R. Fisher Ltd. (3) AM table radio from Eastview TV. (4) Three restaurant dinners for two, (The Hungarian Village, the Hayloft, and the Capri Restaurant) (5) The Super Mastermind Game from Toy World (6) 8 Mars Bars.

Considering that over 2000 tickets were sold, the raffle can be viewed as quite successful. Thanks again to the various parties who donated prizes, making possible the raffle.

MICHAEL BENNETT Manager

SPORTS



Mr. Ray Anderson — Ashbury's Athletic Director

SPORTS AWARDS — 1975-1976

SENIOR FOOTBALL

- The Lee Snelling Trophy (Most Valuable Player)—Steve Comis
The "Tiny" Hermann Trophy (Most Improved Player)—Chris Molson
The Mike Stratton Memorial Trophy (Best Lineman)—John Mierins

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

- The Barry O'Brien Trophy (Most Valuable Player)—Arnie Mierins
The Boswell Trophy (Most Improved Player)—Ron Burnett

SENIOR SOCCER

- The Anderson Trophy (Most Valuable Player)—Bill Fuller
The Perry Trophy (Most Improved Player)—Clermont Veilleux

JUNIOR SOCCER

- The Pemberton Shield (Most Valuable Player)—Robert Smith

SENIOR HOCKEY

- The Fraser Trophy (Most Valuable Player)—Bill Fuller
The Irvin Cup (Most Improved Player)—Benny Benedict

SENIOR SKIING

- The Ashbury Cup (Most Improved Skier)—Michael Evans
The Coristine Cup (Most Valuable Skier)—Richard Sellers



1st FOOTBALL

Front: Andy Brown, Andy Christie, Bill Johnston, Phil Grant, Andy Moore, Steve Comis, John Mierins, Paul Farquhar, Benny Benedict, Mike Evans.

2nd Row: W. A. Joyee, Esq., George Duong, Nick Bejkosalaj, Chris Molson, Kevin Keyes, Shawn Lavery, Dave Macleod, Bob Shulakewych, Dave Green, Jim Donnelly, Hugh Penton, Esq.

3rd Row: Bob Gray, Esq., Stephen Puttuck, Rod Heyd, Bob Morrison, Graeme McKenna (Mgr.)

FOOTBALL '75

Hey! Listen up! When the football season started, nobody knew what was coming off, not even Steve Comis, the Captain. Mr. Bellamy had left, leaving the coaching spot vacant. There were going to be three football teams, not two, and this year's team was minus a quarterback. (Even though when we got one we were still minus a quarterback, if you get my drift? Hey!).

But all this was solved, for the right man stepped in — Hank Penton. With his cool, suave attitude he coached us into a mini-machine. His quality of mind-reading detected when we were over-confident therefore suppressing this malady in the nick of time.

The team was comprised mostly of grade 12's and a few 13's. It was small in numbers as usual but great in heart. This year we played Senior teams on the private school level and some High-school teams.

We suffered hard times in the first few games, which can be shown in the Bishop's and Stanstead games, mainly because the bugs had to be taken out of the machine. It seemed as though nothing could be put together then, but later it seemed as though everything fell into place. Our rookie quarterback Rod Heyd seemed to find his wide receivers, and make use of our macho-jock running backs: "Rotten Jokes" Comis and "Always Ready for A Fight" Benedict. Chris Molson seemed to stop heading for Skid Row and run towards the goal line.

On the defense, Phil Grant started kicking some heads by putting that 6'1½" frame to use. And Benedict covered his man instead of trying to knock him out. With our mean and nasty slogan UHGGIE, UHGGIE, UHGGIE, WOFF, WOFF, WOFF we made our opponents pee their pants. Well, with a skiddy slogan like that you know it could only come from Molson!

The highlight of the season was the old boys game. It was rainy and cold and the field was covered with pools of muddy water. But in all a beautiful day for a football game. Our team was faced with playing Old Boys weighing anywhere from 150 lbs. to God knows what, but we weren't scared, our team didn't know the meaning of fear. (Please disregard those last few words).

The Old Boys scored first with Jim Begaj running behind the blocking of "Toothpicks" Dave Ardill, Peter Copestake, and some punk who plays linebacker for the Ottawa GG's. But it was no problem, for Steve Comis went wild and scored an unassisted touchdown burning all of us, even the members of his own team. Later, Begaj struck once more making it 12-6. Then we retaliated with another Steve Comis touchdown, on a wild run, making the score 12-12. From then (Hey!) we knew we had them. Comis and, who else, Benedict put the Old Boy quarterback Jelenick out for game as a result of a fumble which we snagged. But within the dying seconds we choked, making the final score 12-12. But the team proved one thing; that the Old Boys were no longer superior.

But in all this year football was a very special thing. We laughed as a team, played as a team, took on defeats as a team and won as a team. And I think a very special note of gratification should be given to coaches Mr. Penton, Mr. Grey and our Captain, Steve Comis. In all the team was cool, Hey!

ANDY MOORE

B.C.S. TRIP

First football's first game of the year was not exactly successful but during the course of the trip we managed to accomplish something that has been sorely lacking on the Ashbury football field. What was established was a new cheer which replaced Ashbury's old and somewhat feeble "YAAAAAAA-AAY". This new cheer is definitely more sophisticated, consisting of "oogies" and "woofs" arranged in different patterns. Credit for this devastatingly intellectual cheer would probably have to go to Chris Molson.

Our performance on the field was less than brilliant, losing by 21-0, but most players showed determination and stamina, and the Bishops team only started to pull ahead towards the end of the third quarter. Many times during the game we would start an encouraging advance, only to be stopped by the most powerful Bishops line. The weakest point of our offence was the inability of our front line to block and make big enough holes for the runners, but hopefully through practice and experience that trouble can be remedied. During the game, Ashbury sustained quite a number of injuries, both major and minor, and this in turn put extra pressure on the remaining healthy players.

The game's leading rushers were Benny Benedict, Steve Comis, Chris Molson, and Paul Farquhar. I think everyone on the team would also like to add a note of encouragement to Rod Heyd who for the first time, played quarterback position.



Comis blocking for Benedict



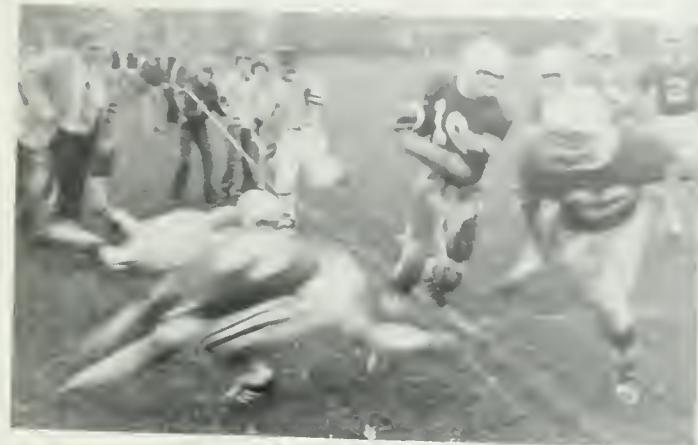
Big Bird gets set to pass

I would say that everyone enjoyed themselves, and I am sure that most of the team is indebted to Andy Christie for his outstanding verses to some songs which were sung on the way back. In fact the whole team had reached such a high pitch of excitement by the time the bus arrived back at Ashbury, it would have been hard to believe that we were a losing team.

MICHAEL EVANS



Andy Brown



Comis and Benedict: a one-two punch



Andy Moore and John Rogers



Martin Shafter



2nd FOOTBALL

Front: Robby Surgenor, Alan Maybee, Tim Farquhar, Thady Murray, Arnie Mierins, Ian Kayser, Philip Stants, Steve Kirby, Michel Langlois.
 2nd Row: Gord Hyatt, Esq., Bill Heringer, Pierre LaTraverse, Ron Burnett, Chris Kirsch, Jeff Williams, Mike Marschmeyer, Justin Fogarty, James Lay, Pierre Vanasse, Andy Rowlinson.
 3rd Row: Les Bejkoslai, Eric Gall, John Rogers, Simon Gittens, Abbie Raikles, Dave Piggot.

2ND FOOTBALL '75 — THE YEAR OF THE TROJANS —

What a team we had this year! Positively one of the most . . . "interesting" teams ever to grace the fields of Ashbury College. What was it that made our team what it was? Proficiency? Endurance? Practice? Balance? Poise? Agility? Of course . . . not! It was in fact the individual team members that did it for us. (Actually, what it was that they did wasn't much, but some of the scores were 3-1, 24-15, 10-6, 28-4, 46-6).

Let's see:

Could it have been the excellent quarter-backing from "Ar-nik-nik-nik" Mierins; the backfielding of "Teeem" Farquhar, "Express Train" Hayson, "Justintime" Forgett; the ending of "Beanpole" and Bernie and "Shady" McMuleh, at times "Laurentide"

Langlois and "Bière Chaud" La-Traverse (also known as "The French Connection")? And what about the offensive line (we weren't that ugly!)? At snap we had "Sticking-Fingers" Kirby. Other stars helped out frequently such as "Kirch the Lurch", "Gall the Wall", "Meat-Minder Marsehmeyer", "Depr-AVE-ed" Pigott and "Mohamed" Williams.

The great defense on which some of the abovementioned played was supplemented by "Ian the Club" Rhodes, "Rolo the Rub", "the Little Profit" in the back, "Little Babo" and "Gittens the Kitten's Mittens". (Simon suffered the team's most serious injury, by the way, a broken leg or something). "James Water-Knees" was one of the few "boymen" on our team, and no-one could forget (but God knows we're trying) "Heeey" Johnny Rogers, who was not only seen but no doubt heard

playing middle line-backer, (how could we have survived those long bus-rides home without the dude of 1000 and 1 stories?).

"Goodyear" Heringer not only made a GREAT contribution to the line, (sometimes he was the line!), but was, and still is, an ENORMOUS supply of team spirit. "Vanbettocks" (it is spelt with an "E", so I don't know why everybody mispronounces it!), like a few others, played whenever he was told.

As for an example of our rookies, take "C.S. (Colovatura Soprato)" Roberts, who distinguished himself on the field but was the only guy on the team who could talk in the key of "B" above "C".

And now a few words about the coaches (notice that the "Best" is saved for the last). These include "Shorty-Gordy High-Hat" and "Big-Steve Moron", I mean, "Morra". Without this fearless, dedicated pair we would surely have gone nowhere. Not that we went very far, but we had, all in all, an enjoyable season.

— THE WALL WITH HELP FROM ARNIK AND THE CLUB

JUNIOR FOOTBALL: FIRST GAME VERSUS BISHOPS

On Saturday, September 20, the junior football team played the junior team of Bishops College School. The Ashbury team played a basic offense with no razzle-dazzle plays. Tim Farquhar made most of our running gains; several of the many pass attempts by our quarterback, Arnie Mierins, coming to no useful end, costing us heavily.

Bishops made the most of their running plays up the middle because their sweeps proved unsuccessful. Their passing not being at all effective, Bishops' big play was their quick kick. Twice their team scored on this manoeuvre. The first time, Bishops scored a single point by kicking the ball out of the end zone. They then proceeded to score what proved to be, in the end, an illegal touchdown by kicking into the end zone, and one of their players falling on the ball.

Technically a quick-kick can only be received by an 'on-side-man', that is, a man behind the kicker. The player who received the kick was in fact an end, and therefore ineligible, thus the touchdown should not have been counted. However the referees did not realize that the



Tim Farquhar



Ian Kayser

Bishops player was an end, and the score held firm.

Tim Farquhar scored Ashbury's only points by kicking a twenty-five yard goal, making the official score 7-3.

One person that did, however, pick up the point about the illegality of the touchdown was the Bishops coach. He had the honesty and the sportsmanship to remark on that score to our coach, Mr. Hyatt. So at least we learned from the game, if nothing else, that there are still a few people who take a game seriously, but with a sportsman-like attitude.



IAN RHODES III

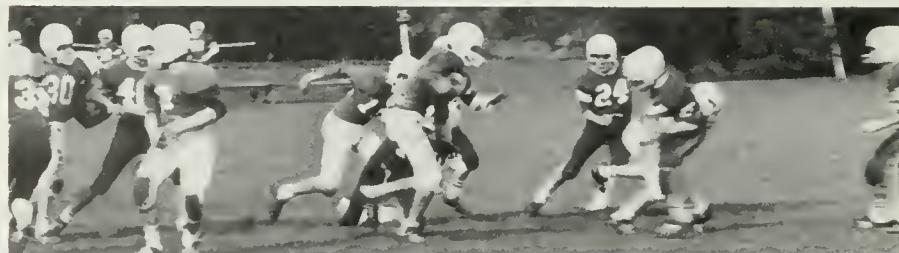


BANTAM FOOTBALL

Front: Doug Assaly, Dave Williams, Shawn Strash, David Farquhar, Peter Martin, Vincent Rigby, Andy Brearton, Bob Schoeler, Doug Chomyn, Aike Aliferis.
2nd Row: Derek Benits, Pete MacFarlane, Esq., Mark Booker, Mike Putnick, Jim Lahey, Campbell Morrison, Bob Biewald, Pierre Caux, Tony Graham, Jim Bailey, Esq., Fergus MacLaren.
3rd Row: Jonathan Blake, Chris Candow, Doug MacDonald, Mark Rozensweig, Iain Morton.



Tony Graham tries an end run



Caux gains yards against Bishops



Fumble! Bishops recovered



1st SOCCER

Front: Peter Melville, George McKenna, Steve Jay, Jeff Beedell, Mike Lynch-Staunton, David Leacock.

2nd Row: George McGuire Esq., Algie Leacock, Robin Smith, André Straja, Chris Power, Colin Byford, Ian Higgins, Paul Deepan, W. A. Joyce Esq.

3rd Row: Iain Johnston, Dave Carlson, Murray Walsh, Clermont Veilleux, Bill Fuller.



Coach McGuire with Algie
and David Leacock



Captain Jeff Beedell

FIRST SOCCER

Who ever claims that a near miss is as good as a win should study our season's record and then qualify his or her statement. It is our team's near misses that pilfered our team's playoff position. We plummetted from #2 in our division to #5 in the short interval of 4 games. In those four we tied both the best and the worst teams and lost to two mediocre ones. On that disappointing note we terminated the regular season's matches, having narrowly missed the chance for playoff status.

The Old Boy's Weekend arrived and our spirits rose as we sized up the opposition during Friday night's stag; however, on Saturday morning we found them in far better form than we had anticipated the previous night.

To appreciate the game fully, one must have been there sporting an umbrella and a pair of rubber boots. An extended downpour had reduced the field to a puddle filled, muddy marsh. No cleat on the market could have kept a player upright for long. Spectators and players alike were fascinated by the ball's ability to stop or skip suddenly over puddles.

The defiance of the accepted rules of soccer ball kinetics introduced a humorous element into the game. Many a dignified old boy dribbled the ball with finesse only to finish upside down in the muck. They were a fine team which boasted several members of varsity calibre, and their superior skill and effort failed to pique our competitive instincts; they won decisively.

During the season, we were handily defeated by our two arch rivals Stanstead (5-1) and Bishop's (5-2).

I feel that the romantic heroism so naively attributed to the football player going out to do battle is slowly being transferred to the cool-headed, constantly moving soccer player. Soccer has ceased to be the underdog to football, though football players will hardly admit it. If the present trend continues, football coaches at Ashbury will be forced to draft the 'dregs' of the Second Soccer Team to fill their depleted ranks.

In closing, I would like to thank Mr. McGuire whose rigorous practices during which such soccer skills as "trapin'" and "headin' the ball mahn" made our appreciation and enjoyment of the sport more complete.

J. BEEDELL



ASHBURY VS RIDEAU

"It's a cold, wet Wednesday afternoon and the two teams have been battling it out for forty minutes. The play has seesawed back and forth. Both teams have had good chances to score. The score is 0 to 0. We are resuming the telecast with little more than twenty minutes left. Well, Bill, how's the game?"

"Thanks Jack. Not bad. Billy Fuller, the Ashbury center, has missed a few chances but . . ."

"Just a sec Bill. Camera 2 has got some action on Rideau's goal. OOOOHH! Andre Straja just missed a goal. Over to you Bill."

"Thanks Jack. Yes, the Rideau goalie has been quite sloppy in his ball handling but . . ."

"Just a sec Bill, another chance by Ashbury . . . oh no, Rideau has started a rush. The ball pops over the wing, he moves in, he's all alone he, he shoots. Ohh, Walsh pulls it out of the mud. Well Bill, how would you analyse that play?"

"Thanks Jack. As I was saying; Ashbury has let Rideau come in from the wing almost untouched. I can hear their coach. Mr. McGuire, yelling!"

"HEY JAY MAHN BOY! YOU JESS STANDIN UP MAHN!"

"Well thanks Bill. Wait, Ashbury has the ball on the wing. They are closing in on Rideau near the goal. The pass goes into the center. Jay traps it, whirls around. He shoots . . . OOOHHH he scores a fluky goal that caught the Rideau goalie with his pants down."

"Ha, Ha. Very funny Jack. I wonder if the censors will like it "Ashbury has just scored a goal. The team is going crazy. Rideau players are kicking the ground. What are they mumbling Bill?"

"Good question, Jack. I don't think we can repeat it on the air, though. However, if you ask me. . ."

"Just a sec, Bill. Ashbury has to defend their goal for the last five minutes if they are going to pull off a win. Wait, a corner kick. It is, ohh, wide . . . Another kick-off, another near miss. Ashbury is having trouble clearing the ball out of their end. What are they yelling Bill?"

"I dunno Jack. Sounds something like 'quit screwing around with the ball, George.' They have been yelling it for quite a long time."

"Thanks Bill. The game is almost over . . . a few seconds left . . . a few seconds left . . . YES IT'S ALL OVER! ASHBURY has pulled it out of the coals. Final score is Ashbury 1, Rideau zip. Now we have an interview with the Rideau coach with our roving man on the field. Steve Steve, come in."

"Thanks Jack. I have the Rideau coach with me here. Tell me, coach, what happened?"

"You were watching the game. You tell me. We lost. No two ways about it. We lost the (blip) game to a bunch of goddam pansies."

"Well, back to you Jack."

"Thanks Steve. Well, the game is over. Both teams have left the field. So this is Jack, on behalf of Bill, Steve, Frankie and the cameramen saying goodbye until next game. . .hey, are we off the air yet? . . ."

THE TOAD



2nd SOCCER

Front: Tim Wilson, Martin Wostenholme, Bruce Taylor, Peter Steacy, Guy Warwick, Julian Longsworth, Robert Smith, David Beedell.

2nd Row: John Francis, Michael Bravo, Nick Fonay, David Tamblyn, Garcia Rojas, Dias Flores, Michael Sutterlin, John Wenkoff, Barry Johnston, Ray Anderson, Esq.

THE SECOND SOCCER TEAM

This year's second soccer team was largely made up of a novice grade nines and a few hoary veterans who had been in the ranks for some years. These two factors may have had something to do with our win — loss record in which the losses outweighed the wins.

We played 13 games; we won 2 (against B.C.S. and Presentation), tied 2 (against Sedbergh and MacArthur) and lost 9 against foes who shall remain unmentionable.

Our thanks to Mr. Anderson who coached us, transported us, and never gave up on us. The future looks bright with so many veterans returning. Some of Mr. Anderson's hairs may even grow back next year!

D. BEEDELL with D.D.L.

ASHBURY VS MACARTHUR

Mr. Anderson, the second team soccer coach, set this game up as an educational game between two teams which had experienced little practice with each other. The game showed the two coaches how their players would react in a real game situation. MacArthur showed us they has superior 'individual' skills but they lacked the unity of a team. Ashbury unfortunately, showed little of either. Our one goal was scored by Garcia, our Mexican center-forward. He is an excellent ball carrier but like some Latin Americans he tends to hold the ball for too long. Jim Wilson, the left wing was given little opportunity to show his speed because he was always well covered. Robert Smith and Mike Sutterlin, full backs and half backs respectively, stopped many of MacArthur's attacks. Both of the players have strong kicks and Robert also is a very hard worker. The final outcome of the game was 4-1 for MacArthur.

DAVID BEEDELL



LEAGUE SOCCER

League soccer seems to be the sport of choice for the slackers at Ashbury, and this year was no exception. For starters, it was only held three times a week; Hurrah for Mondays and Wednesdays!

Game usually lasted only 40-minutes and were often fast and full of excitement, but when 20 or so inexperienced soccer players get on a field, there is



bound to be a lot of hacking. Minor injuries ran rampant: squashed feet and bruised skins being the most common.

At the end of the season, playoffs were held, and the Chelsie Grouse won a close victory over Singh's Singers. The Robertson Reefers and Carlson Crusaders were the other teams.

Many thanks are due to Mr. Lister for his expert coaching and guidance.

R. TERVO



THE FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

While our performance on the ice was not always brilliant, it was at least steady. It was a record season, but we don't feel the need to publish the records. Good spirit and good fun, plus a little hockey now and then made it an enjoyable year. Some capsule comments of those involved might best describe the season.

BOB MORRISON: Eager but saw little action. Once on the ice he proved an effective performer.

PHIL GRANT: A one goal season. Congratulations. Big but slow and too gentle to use his weight — unless pushed. Also skilful at starting vans.

'EAGLE' KEYES: 'Eagle' would have proved a valuable addition if he hadn't allowed himself to get caught up ice so often. Also gave the puck away with increasing regularity. If he would have followed Hank Penton's enlightening instruction, "practice makes perfect", it might have assisted him. He was under

the misguided impression that weekends in Gananoque led to perfection.

MARC NADEAU: Not a 'heads up' player. He got himself caught going the wrong way too often. However, diligence will have its reward.

JOHN MIERINS: Endurance and hard work paid off — sometimes. He found the puck a very elusive object, and in chasing it came out the worse for wear.

BENNY BENEDICT: Slow, steady, strong and unmovable. His stamina won him the team scoring title. Most Improved Player award as well.

PAUL FARQUHAR: Speedy and graceful, but a lack of persistence usually prevented him from completing plays.

TIM FARQUHAR: Younger brother of Paul and therefore possessed a better pair of lungs. He gave as good as he got.

BILL FULLER: Consummate skill combined with 'horseshoes' gave him the team goal title. His talent obviously impressed the coach since he was given them M.V.P. award.

THADY MURRAY: His enthusiasm began to translate itself into considerable competence as the season progressed. Big and tough as well.

ROD HEYD: 'Big Shot' Heyd. One out of 20 was close to the net. Some even found their way out of the arena. What was easy he made look difficult. Some advice? — less talk and more action.

'SKID' MOLSON: One or two brilliant games in nets at the end of the season. Always willing to play, but often was a porous target.

MARK STITT: The last hope. Served well but looked shell-shocked by the season's end.

CLERMONT VIELLEUX: A worthy player and captain. However he too often led the way to the penalty box. Otherwise an intelligent and valuable performer.

Coach Parks: "DOWN AND BACK"

**CLERMONT VIELLEUX
BILL FULLER**



SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row: Left to right, M. Stitt, M. Shaffer, S. Kirby, P. La Traverse, J. Rogers, P. Sellers, C. Rhodes, D. Beedell.
Back Row: Left to right, J. Bailey, Esq., J. Lay, A. Williams II, R. Burnett, R. Surgenor, I. Rhodes.

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SKI TEAM

Front Row: Left to right, R. Sellers, A. Brown, B. Finnie, M. Evans, I. Higgins. Back Row: Left to right, R. Anderson, Esq., J. Beedell, G. Clark, C. Power.

SKI TEAM

Even from the beginning our first weekend race got off to a bad start. On Friday, we went out for a practice run at Nakertok but due to temperatures that reached below -50°C with wind chill, and several cases of frostbite, we had to stop after 1A/s km.

On the Saturday, a practice race with B.C.S. had to be called off as well because of cold weather. Some members did go up with the B.C.S. team just to go over the course. However, on the trip back, the transmission on the Ashbury van died and as we slowly coasted across the Alonzo Wright bridge, we wondered what sort of maniac would ever take up cross-country skiing.

Two hours of phoning went into arranging transportation home, and we are indebted to Mr. MacFarlane, Mr. Tottenham and Ian Higgins for the time they gave up in chauffeuring us around.

With the big High School Relays scheduled for Sunday we finally arrived home Saturday evening, hoping to get a good night's sleep before the race. However, as a result of a somewhat hectic dance, many of the team members were up slightly later than expected.

When the team assembled Sunday morning, with both vans broken down, we again relied upon the use of staff member cars and are grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Hyatt, Mr. Niles, Mr. Anderson and again Ian Higgins.

Arriving eventually at the race area, it came as no surprise to find that reliable Bill Johnston had forgotten his ski boots, and consequently, we were only able to enter two instead of the required three racers in one team.

Once in the race though, we showed our true form finishing second in the Senior Boys Division and fourth overall out of 40 teams. Richard Sellers (one of

the few to get some sleep Saturday night) came first for Ashbury and seventh of 120 skiers with a time of 24:59 for the 5-km course. Michael Evans came second in Ashbury with a time of 26:34, followed by Jeff Beedell at 27:16 giving the team a combined time of 78:49, exactly 2 minutes behind the B.C.S. team.

Other racers to be credited were Ian Higgins, Blake Finnie, Nick Brearton and Graham Clark. For some it was the first race ever, and for all the first race of the year.

Mr. Anderson, who was not only the Ashbury coach but the race director, kept his composure through most of the weekend, even when he learned that the girls had gone through the course backwards, and we are all grateful for his failure to explode.

MICHAEL EVANS

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

Due to superb physical conditioning and exceptional talent, the Ashbury Cross-country Ski Team experienced its most successful season in years. Under the somewhat novel leadership of Mr. Anderson (I'm not a coach. I'm just a baby-sitter), and encouragement from Mr. Niles (get moving or I'll kick your arse in) we started our season in late November with conditioning and fitness training.

Our first race in January had to be called off due to cold, but on the next day, the 25th, Ashbury hosted an invitational meet up at Nakkerok. Out of a field of 24 teams we came second, with creditable performances Richard Sellers, Michael Evans, Jeff Beedell and Ian Higgins. A group of us, including both the Beedells, set off after this race to find an open bar, but to no avail; though we scored the streets of Hull in Ian Higgins' battered Vega, not a single 'Tavern' turned out to be open on a Sunday.

We continued our training and the next week we visited Sedbergh and beat their team for the first time in a number of years. This trip, socially, also met with success. Again in Ian Higgins' Vega, we stopped in first at the Chateau Montebello, then at a pizza parlour. With a piece of greasy pizza in one hand, Michael Evans pushed the cork through the bottle and served us out some wine as we drove back. After a swell party till three in the morning at Mimi Singh's which virtually the entire senior team attended, while the Juniors were being beaten by Stanstead on a lighted course, the Senior Team next morning thoroughly trounced their senior team on February 7. The celebration took place this time over a brew at Michael Evan's. That evening, a girl known across town as "Elizabeth" held another party, which many of us enjoyed. The next morning we had our biggest

race next morning at Camp Fortune, with the hope of placing our senior team in the Ottawa High Schools Ski Tournament. As it turned out, the bleary-eyed senior team came away with the Senior Trophy (Dalton Wood) and the junior team won the Junior Trophy (Art Levitt). In other words, we had been proven better than every single high-school in the National Capital Region, in both senior and junior cross-country skiing, and we have each a small medallion to prove it. Needless to say, this success warranted first a trip to the Lockeberg Lodge, then the entire senior team tore over to Ian Higgins', where the hot-buttered rums flowed like rivers.

The High-schools meet finished off the season, on an extremely high note.

Two members of the team entered the Canadian Ski Marathon and did very well. Michael Evans completed 8 of the 10 sections (80 miles) and Jeff Beedell went the whole 10 sections.

We enjoyed the season tremendously, with crazy things like getting stuck in a gas station on the other side of the Gatineau, or becoming lost on trails at Camp Fortune. A former member of the Canadian Ski Team gave us a free lesson once, and I'm sure Mr. Anderson well remember the notable gift he received at the Sports Dinner. We hope that his "*token resistance*" will not be too strong, and that he might even use it.

I am sure that next year's team will go just as far, but I also hope that they have as much fun as we did. The credit in the end goes to Mr. Niles (he really does have a sense of humour), and to X-Ray Anderson, whose patience we taxed severely, and we hope that he will not only remember us for our parties, but maybe even for our skiing.

Michael Evans, with Social Commentary by Ian Higgins

CURLING:

This year has been the best for curling by far. With three veterans and a rookie on the team, the outlook at the beginning of the year looked grim. After winning our first two games by default our confidence climbed steadily. Our record stands at 7 wins, 1 tie, and 1 loss. On January 12th we suffered our first defeat in 9 games. We achieved our 8 game winning streak with the help of Kevin Fraser at lead, Adrian Brookes second, Peter Steacy third and co-captain, and with the strategic skipping of Michael Lynch-Staunton. If we continue our path of unbeaten games we will advance to the Ottawa Schoolboy Finals, and from there perhaps the Silver Broom in only a 'skip' away. Thanks goes to Mr. Green, our coach, and to our two female mascots. We certainly hope that Elmwood can produce a team for next year. I formally challenge any team from Elmwood to a battle of the sexes. (I hope they won't chicken out.)

**Co-captain and Skip
Michael Lynch-Staunton**

CURLING TEAM

Left to Right: M. Lynch-Staunton, B. Taylor, K. Fraser, P. Steacy, E. E. Green, Esq.



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Ted Marshall

INTER-HOUSE TRACK MEET, MAY 1976

JUNIOR

100 m. Biewald (C), 13.5;
Williams (W); Wostenholme (W); MacLaren (W); Perron (C); Puttick (C).

200m. Wostenholme (W), 28.2
Tamblyn (C); MacLaren (C); Beedell (W); Perron (C).

400m. Wostenholme (W), 1m. 3.4 secs
Williams (W); Beedell (W); Johnston (C); Dumont (C); Bravo (C).

1500m. Johnston (C), 5 mins. 7.7 secs
Beedell (W); Rigby (W); Bravo (C); Brown (W); Perron (C).

DISCUS: Williams (W), 26.55'
Shulakewych (C), 25.96'; Fonay (W), 24.72'; Weynerowski (W), 24.23'; Assad (C), 21.3'; Fraser (C), 21.1'.

SHOT PUT: Weynerowski (W), 9m. 88cm
Williams (W), 9m. 67cm; Shulakewych (C), 9m 59 cm; MacLaren (W); Cadow (C); Puttick (C).

LONG JUMP: Biewald (C), 500 cm
Wostenholme (W), 460cm, Schoeller (C), 440 cm; Wenkoff (W), 429 cm; Williams (W), 426cm; Quain (C), 324cm.

HIGH JUMP: Quain (C), 4' 11"
Biewald (C), 4' 10"; Bravo (W); Rigby (W); Morton (W).

JUNIOR CHAMPION: Jeff Williams — 24 points; runner-up: Martin Wostenholme — 23 points.

INTERMEDIATE CHAMPION: Ian Kayser — 35 points (5 firsts).

SENIOR CHAMPION: Jeff Beedell — 20 points.



Jim Bailey rests



Bob Biewald



Vincent Rigby



Barry Johnston



Michel Langlois



Paul Deepan



Andy Christie

Sports Day photos by D. Chomyn, D. Church, N. Fonay, I. Johnston, J. Lund, and D. Welch

INTER HOUSE COMPETITION



A sequence of Tony Graham — or is it?

Photos by D. Welch

This year, for the first time in about a decade, Woolecombe house, to the surprise of all, won the overall house competition. Connaught house lost its edge with the appearance of Woolcombe's superior organization and hunger for victory.

Right from the start Woolecombe House took the lead, showing its superior strategy and hazing tactics by winning the soccer events and smashing Connaught at cross-country skiing.

As the year progressed one could see the disillusionment in Connaught as Woolcombe massacred the other house at the Swim Meet and felt the thrill of victory at the Cross Country Run.

The final House event of the year, the track meet, reflected a trend which had been developing throughout the year. Taking a powerful lead from the start, Woolecombe in a relaxed manner proceeded to take the points and win the event.

GEORGE MCKENNA

INTERMEDIATE

100m:	Kayser (W), 12.6 Deepan (W), Piggott (W), Smirnoff (C), Chin (C).
200m:	Kayser (W), 25.7 Williams (C); Burnett (W); Kirby (C); Griffiths (W); Diaz Flores (C).
400m:	Kayser (W), 59.0 Williams (C); Chisholm (W); Kirby (C); McDonald (W); Chisholm (W); Kirby (C); Deepan (W); Taylor (C); Bejkosalaj (W).
800m:	Stants (C), 23.1' Duong (W), 22.56m; Chipman (C), 22.52m; Piggott (W), 22.51m; Hicks (C), 17.78m; Fraser (W), 16.75m.
DISCUS:	Duong (W), 11.83m Piggott (W), 10.31m; Zwirewich (W), 9.57m; Lavery (C), 9.42m; Chipman (C), 9.36m.
SHOT PUT:	Kayser (W), 444cm Tamblyn (C), 440cm; Booker (C), 433cm; Ryan (W), 425cm; Gonzalez (W), 423cm; Suh (C), 309cm.
LONG JUMP:	Burnett (W), 5'1"; Raikles (W); Schoeller (C); Kirch (C).
HIGH JUMP:	Kayser (W), 120' Booker (C); Bielicki (W); Fraser (W).
JAVELIN:	

SENIOR

100m: Comis (C), 12.3
Bejkosalaj (W); Molson (C); Heyd (C), Grossmith (W).
200m: Bejkosalaj (W), 24.9
Comis (C); Molson (C); Benedict (C); Power (W), Grossmith (W).
400m: Benedict (C), 59.1
Bejkosalaj (W); Fuller (C); Brown (C); McKenna (W); Beedell (W).
800m: Beedell (W), 2 mins. 21.8 secs
Langlois (W); Higgins (W); Shaffer (C); Tervo (C); Warwick (C).
1500m: Beedell (W), 5 mins. 11 secs
Brown (C); Langlois (W); Sellers, R (C); Tervo (C); Abrishami (W).
DISCUS: Christie (W), 28.4m
Walsh (C), 27.1m; Comis (C), 26.89m; Benedict (C), 23.5m; Power (W), 22.2m; Higgins (W), 18.9m.
SHOT PUT: Jay (W), 11.32m
Donnelly (C), 11.16m; Power (W), 9.92m; Comis (C), 9.69m; Christie (W), 9.64m; MacLeod (C).
LONGJUMP: Farquhar (W), 558 cm
Sirotek (C), 459 cm; Abrishami (W), 458cm; Heyd (C), 457cm; Comis (C), 455cm; Bejkosalaj (W), 438cm.
HIGH JUMP: Fuller (C), 5' 4"
Beedell (W), 5'2"; Farquhar (W), 5'2"; Langlois (W); 5' 2"; Heyd (C), 4' 10";
JAVELIN: Christie (W), 120'
Farquhar (W), 100'; Benedict (C), 80'; McKenna (W); MacLeod (C);

JUNIOR 400M RELAY: 1st — W, 57.1 secs

INTERMEDIATE 400m RELAY: 1st — W, 53.2 secs

SENIOR 800m RELAY: 1st — C, 1 min. 43.4 secs

JUNIOR CHAMPION: Jeff Williams — 24 points; runner-up: Martin Wostenholme — 23 points.

INTERMEDIATE CHAMPION: Ian Kayser — 35 points (5 firsts).

SENIOR CHAMPION: Jeff Beedell — 20 points.



Rod Heyd prepares to take off



Comis and Bejkosalaj at the finish of the 200 meters



Tervo timing his crouch



Nick Bejkosalaj

IAN KAYSER

Ian qualified for Junior age group javelin in the following meets:

- 1) O.B.E. meet, May 17th; 1st place and an O.B.E. record of 50.75 metres.
- 2) O.B.E. City Finals, May 21st; 2nd place.
- 3) O.V.H.S.A.A. meets, May 24th; 2nd place.
- 4) All-Ontario meet, June 4th and 5th; 9th out of 30 with a personal best throw of 51.38 metres.



TRACK AND FIELD

The following students qualified for the city finals:

Bob Biewald: Midget Long Jump, 100 metres, and Triple Jump.
Bob Shulakewych: Midget Shot Put.
Chris Chisholm: Midget 1500 metres.
Ian Kayser: Midget Javelin.
Nick Bejkosalaj: Junior 100 metres.
Bill Fuller: Senior High Jump.
Ian Kayser, Nick Bejkosalaj, Rod Heyd and Michel Langlois: Junior 400 metre Relay.

The following students qualified for the Ottawa Valley Finals:

Bob Biewald: Midget Long Jump and Triple Jump.
Ian Kayser: Junior Javelin.



THE SWIM MEET

For the first time in 6 years, Woolcombe House has won the Ashbury swim meet. In fact it was an overwhelming victory with Woolcombe leading from the outset and holding on to smash Connaught House by a score of 305 to 205. Arnie Mierins set two new records, namely the 50 yard back-stroke and the 25 yard butterfly for the 15 year-olds. Ian Kayser tied Matt Marion's old record in the 20 yard front crawl for 15 year-olds. Woolcombe's success was greatly assisted by George McKenna in his organizational efforts. Having also won the cross-country races, could this be the beginning of a Woolcombe Dynasty? It looks as if we may have seen the rise and fall of the Connaught Empire-long live 'W'!

BRIAN BAXTER

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photos by D. Welch

THE HEADMASTER'S SIDE Vs. THE CHAIRMAN'S XI

On June 12th, a perfect day, the Headmaster's team took the field against the Chairman's XI captained by Mr. E. N. Rhodes. Determined to win at any cost, Ned threw twelve men into the fight. Not to be outdone, Mr. Joyce fielded thirteen. And what a fight! Ted Marshall said afterwards that it was the best match in ten years. George McGuire, the Headmaster's wicketkeeper, said the field was a forest of legs.

The Chairman's side was uncowed by the Headmaster's hordes and promptly knocked up 86 runs in 90 minutes with Dr. Khare scoring 8 runs, Rob Paterson 10, Rob Millar a healthy 26, Dr. Shipman 6, Dr. Deepan 11, John Gill 10, Ned Rhodes 2, and messers Grainger and Somers 3 and 1 not out, respectively.

The bowlers for the Headmaster's XIII included Peter Melville (4 overs, 2 wickets, 13 runs), Barry Went (4 overs, no wickets, 11 runs), Mr. Joyce (2 overs, 1 wicket, 14 runs), Tony McCoun (4 overs, no wickets, 1 maiden, 8 runs), Hugh Robertson (2 overs, 2 wickets, 14 runs), Algie Leacock (2 overs, 2 wickets, 9 runs), Chris Molson (2 overs, 2 wickets, 5 runs) and Drum Lister (1 maiden over, 1 wicket). Barry Went made two very fine catches at mid-on.

Faced with the task of scoring a run a minute, George McGuire and Hugh Robertson got off to a good start with 7 and 23 runs respectively. Then the headmaster, intending to break the opposition's heart, sent in Barry Went who did as he was taught to do by test cricketers in Barbados, namely, to hit the ball with authority. He did so with complete success, winning the match with a six in the last minute of play. His total of 55 not out included 6 fours.

The Chairman's bowling was shared by Mr. Eastwood (7 overs, 1 wicket, 1 maiden, 21 runs), Dr. Deepan (4 overs, no wickets, 27 runs), Mr. Grainger (3 overs, 1 wicket, 11 runs), and Dr. Shipman (2 overs, 2 wickets, 15 runs).

It should be noted that The Headmaster's Side won in spite of obvious collusion between the umpires and The Chairman's XI — a collusion which involved, at one point, one of the umpires (a certain Mr. Grierson) hiding the game ball in his pocket while we all searched for it in the grass.

As far as we can tell, Mr. Jeff Whicher kept an honest score book.

Cricket is a good habit which is enjoyed by all who participate on Prize Day in June. May the ritual long continue!

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LITERATURE



THE BELCHER MEMORIAL PRIZE STORY

1976

DOG DAY AFTERNOON

When I asked my friend, Gordon Hunter, why it was that he went hunting every autumn, he said: "It's a great way to get back to nature, to see life as it was meant to be, to experience real freedom. It just absolutely clears my head so that I can take a good, hard look at myself and re-evaluate my life from a non-pressurized angle, you know? It's just so, so refreshing!" He grinned, embarrassed by his outburst. "It's like" — he paused for a moment — "You can look up through the trees right straight to heaven, and you can almost hear the voice of God in each and every breeze."

He convinced me. As an accountant with a 9 to 5 job, I decided that that was just what I needed. We arranged that I would accompany him to Lake Whittaker, some 100 miles or so from the city, the very next weekend.

All week I was restless with anticipation. After all, I thought, this could change my life. I worked for one of the huge international companies that prided itself on its efficiency. As a class 'C' employee, I had been given a certain car, and a certain apartment in the suburbs, both commensurate with that rating. I was told what clothes to wear, what social events to go to, how to be happy, what to think. And I hated it, hated it, hated it. A weekend away from it all would be ideal.

On Friday evening, I visited Gordon to be instructed on the proper use of guns. In his den in a glass and mahogany case, I first saw them. There were five, matched Peterson model B3 Deerslayers. For a sizable amount of money, Gordon told me, a gunsmith had equipped each of them (they were gas operated automatic shotguns) with an aluminum bi-pod, a magazine modified to hold 13 shells, and an ingenious full-choke that doubled as a first-rate silencer. Gord let me hold one, to get the feel of it. It was a beaut, lighter than I expected, with a cold, mechanical look. As I sighted at various objects around the room, I had an enormous sense of power.

We started out at six the next morning. After several dozen miles on a paved highway, we turned off onto a small, rut-filled trail. As we bounced along, I thought of what my boss would have thought had he known where I was. He would have flipped his lid! Probably he would have sent a personality up-date memo about me to the Central Computer Office in Reno. . . Ha! For some reason, I didn't care.

I was jolted out of my daydreams when Gord asked me if I wanted to try my first shot. Did I ever! He braked to a halt and lovingly fingered a round of 00 buckshot into one of the guns' chambers. He handed me the gun and pointed to a solid steel STOP sign about 40 yards away. I aimed for the centre of the O and fired. There was an astonishingly quiet PHUT! with almost no recoil, but an instant later there was a deafening 'clang' as the buckshot hit the sign. What was left of it resembled a giant, crushed carrot grater. Gordon grinned at my astonished look. Once again, I had an enormous sense of power.

The hunt of course was the thing. Sunday morning we broke camp and went trekking off looking for something to kill. On the way I blasted some squirrels and a couple of chipmunks and this one woodpecker or something that was walking the side of a tree. I was within 15 feet when I fired and he sort of exploded with a little burst of red and a big burst of leaves and bark, but after, we never found even one feather from him he

was blown so bad. I thought God! Those Petersons felt good! So powerful.

Later we found that we wanted. Forty or so white tailed deer I guess they were. There were about 8 really big bucks with great sets of antlers and fifteen newborn baby fawns frisking around. The rest were . . . well, I guess nondescript. A really idyllic scene. But not for long, I thought.

They were situated in a little box canyon that had a small stream running down its centre. Along the fourth side of the canyon was impassable bush and scrub with only a narrow opening where the stream passed through.

Gordon handed me one of the loaded Petersons as he told me his plan in hushed tones. I would hide in the brush by the stream, thus effectively cutting off any hope of escape for the deer, while he would deploy his secret weapon from the top rear end of the canyon, opposite to me. Secret weapon? "It's a surprise," said Gordie, "You'll see."



Fifteen minutes later, we were both in position. The deer were sitting ducks, unprepared and unsuspecting. The fawns played gently.

I saw Gord stand upright on the wall of the canyon. With arms outstretched and the sun behind his head he looked like a painting I'd seen somewhere. He had something in his hands. He tossed it down, in amongst the deer. Alerted, they raised their heads and saw him standing there. For what seemed an eternity, nothing happened. Then the thing exploded.

I was jolted out of my reverie. Dynamite! All hell broke loose. I saw several deer disintegrate before my eyes and the pieces went flying in all directions. The deer stampeded towards me as more sticks of dynamite floated through the air towards them. More deafening explosions, more dismembered carcasses spewing blood and guts and torn, quivering muscle. The stream turned red. With deer almost upon me, I fired. PHUT! PHUT! PHUT! The Peterson seemed as willing as I was. PHUT! PHUT! PHUT! As fast as I could pull the trigger. Its effect was as devastating as the dynamite still raining down. Each shot took off entire limbs, entire heads, and filled the air with a bloody mist after each shot. Caught between the dynamite and the shotgun, the deer milled around and fell like ninepins. The stream became redder and redder.

As suddenly as it had started, it was over. In less than three minutes, all were dead. Almost all. Some still writhed and twisted, but none was in one piece. Or even a few pieces.

As I lay, still hidden by the brush, I saw a movement. One of the deer was trying to get to its feet. Unsteadily, since it had only three legs, it struggled to pull itself up. Amazingly, it did. It stumbled towards me. It was one of the fawns. Its right rear leg was God knows where. It came towards me slowly, painfully. Each step was more than it could take, yet still it came.

Ten feet from where I was, it saw me. It fell, stumbled in my direction. Its eyes were brown and soft, amazingly peaceful. My vision seemed to narrow until the fawn was all I could see. The fawn filled my mind. Our eyes met and we were one. Our consciousness fused. We were one living being, sharing nature's gift of life and I saw myself reflected in the deer's eyes.

Slowly, tenderly, I blew its head off.

All power was mine again.

JULIAN LONGSWORTH

SUMMER

Summer means going for picnics;
But the softness of mosses
And the gold in the air
Converts these outings to a royal affair.

D. SCHOELLER

MISS ROSE

Miss Rose kissed me today.
Will she kiss me tomorrow?
She has such nice hips that I love to grip,
And such nice lips that I love to kiss,
And such smooth arms that hold me tight —

If only she could see
The tears in my eyes
When I ride by
And do not get
A "Hi!"

Miss Rose kissed me today.
Will she kiss me tomorrow?

A. ALIFERIS

TWO POEMS

I

A belief in lover's kindness is illusion;
It is a lover's nature to shun.
A search for happy love is futile,
And will end only in the grave
But I cannot escape love,
So I believe and search
With patience and endurance.

II

Come, lay open my breast, expose my heart,
Witness my flaming hot love for you,
And my helplessness in your presence.
I feel like trodden, hapless dust under your feet.
Can you, in your unfeeling tower of distance,
Find within a remote corner of mercy?

Written in Arabic and translated by the author,
SHIAVASH ABRISHAMI

گریلک بشکید آب نهاد
سف گردانشند ادم کلواب
در محبت لک لشد سخا رس آب نهاد
عازم بی عیش دلک در های عاید آسمان

ز دعا و تائنا از با کار است
لایم این آبر مخوب گور طاقت صفو دشلیان کار است

بدب شکاف حه لوت بحر سینه ام
تا عدا ف تا جمهود پیله ام
عن لوت بولیک ت افده ام
دھنک لک مجوفا در لشن ام

INTO THE MIST

I suppose one of the funniest sights I've ever seen was a funeral in which everything went wrong.

The fellow's name was Mikey Long, and he had been respected and loved by both Protestants and Catholics so the service was to be a mixed one. Well from the start you'd have thought that the Devil himself was running things. Ned Harris, his favourite nephew, got good and drunk before the service, loaded his whole family into the car, and followed the wrong funeral procession for 1½ hours into the next town. It was only when he went up for a last look at the body that he realized something was amiss. He got excited and started ranting and raving in front of this man's relatives that someone had switched uneles on him. He had to be forcibly removed from the service, and his poor wife in a state of tears. His children, however, were having a fair good time.

Back at the church now, things were not as they were meant to be. The service was to have been conducted by both the priest and the minister of the town, but they had got into a terrible argument as

to whether the deceased was a Protestant or a Catholic. You see there was some question of Mikey changing his religion just as he was about to die, but as he never voiced his religious opinions, nor was seen to be making gestures towards either of the faiths no one was quite sure what he was to begin with. This got the whole congregation naturally upset. The potential for a violent situation grew worse by the minute, and might have occurred, had not another urgent and more pressing matter arisen. An ale truck broke down in front of the service, and after a few valiant efforts to protect his cargo, the driver gave up. Possibly what discouraged him most was the fact that the town Guarda (police) were the first ones up on the truck unloading it.

So now there was a mixed congregation ready for some action, loaded with ale, and with an unburied corpse on their hands. An uneasy silence floated over the crowd for a short while until some bright yoke got an idea. "My sister's wedding reception is being held in Cahir right now. We could all go over and join in." This met with widespread approval until someone reminded him that they still had the unburied Mikey

Long with them. All eyes turned to the minister and priest. Both shrugged their shoulders and the priest suggested they take him with them.

That wedding reception must have been one of the most unusual to ever have taken place. Into one small country cottage were crammed the original wedding celebrants; a large number of mourners turned rejoicers, complete with their own booze; two men of the cloth still arguing over the religious affiliations of the dead man; and the dead man himself still sitting in a hearse outside the cottage.

Mikey was buried the next day....

My garden isn't looking very good these days. I remember a long time ago when people used to have picnics on it, and others would come and do some grooming for me. Now where there used to be a sort of rock garden arranged in neat rows lies only an overgrown tussle of grass and weeds.

.... But curse me for a bugger. Here I've been telling you all my story without offering you a spot of refreshment. Would you be after having a pint of Guinness? There, that's better now, eh?

I could tell you more about how things were but I can see all that's holding your

interest is my amusin' old stories. You're not much different from the rest mind you, but I think we might get along. . . Now did you ever hear of the fire in Tipperary? Well if I live another hundred years may it be for the experience of this.

One of the lads, Johnny O'Brien to be sure, was driving back to town and he caught sight of smoke billowing out from back of the old army hospital. Well naturally out of curiosity, he shifted that way for a look, and if it wasn't the fire extinguisher factory with flames starting to leap out of the first story window. Most of the townspeople had assembled by this time, and some brave men had managed to save most of the completed fire extinguishers which numbered about 150. However, since the men had risked their lives for them, they refused to use them on the fire. They started selling them off to the townspeople who turned it into a regular barn auction. All this was taking place while the flames were roaring higher and higher in the old wood frame building.

Johnny, who was by this time getting rather worried, inquired if anybody had phoned the fire brigade, but the people admitted that it hadn't really crossed their minds.

Well at this he took off for the phone and after three minutes of ringing managed to get someone on the line. Thinking his problems were over, Johnny summarized the situation and waited for a response. In a slow reply the voice on the other end informed him that unless Jonny could guarantee a deposit of £20 when the brigade arrived, it would be impossible to send out the trucks. He agreed and then had to spend another 5 minutes giving his name, address, shoe size and other pertinent information. Then came the encouraging assurance that the men were on their way.

When he got back most of the building had been at least affected by the fire, but there was still a chance of saving some of it. On his way back Johnny passed a fair number of people carrying fire extinguishers. More than half had been sold, and when he told them that the fire brigade were on the way, only a few managed to even shrug their shoulders. Johnny sat down to wait.

One and one quarter hours later everybody had left except Johnny, who was sitting on the road with his head between his knees and his arms wrapped around his legs. The building was totally



destroyed, and with a great clanging of sirens an old truck rumbled up the road and rolled to a stop in front of Johnny. The entire fighting force consisted of one old man, his thirteen year old grandson, two buckets of sand, and a long extension ladder.

"Sorry we're a trifle late" said the old man as he surveyed the situation, but the lad here was having lessons, and his mother wouldn't let him go until he finished".

I suppose being old and Irish you might be near to thinking that I'm just a rambling fool who doesn't know when to stop. Well you're wrong there. I'm stopping now partially because I hear the missus calling me in for tea, but mainly because I'm tired of your company.

by MICHAEL EVANS

A CHILDHOOD EXPERIENCE

The clock on the mantle chimed a familiar tune, then announced the hour with three sharp tones. I lay quietly on my bed as silence once again fell over the dark house. I had not been awake for long; the clock chimed at fifteen minute intervals and that was the first one which I had heard. That clock — it seemed to rule my life. Its "Westminster chimes" called out the passage of time like some horrible prophet of doom, a constant reminder that life was passing by. It bothered me, but I had come to ignore the noise, almost. It didn't wake me up at night as it had when my parents first brought it home three weeks before, but

now its presence seemed unbearable. Especially now, in the silent dark house, it fractured the peace, its clear, sharp tones cutting the air like razors. Even though it was down the hall and behind two closed doors, I could imagine its ominous tick as it boldly strode towards its next sinister message.

I pulled my heavy eider-down quilt over my head and closed my eyes. The warmth enveloped me, and I felt for an instant that I had escaped, but in my mind I could picture its delicate scrollwork and polished oak cabinet. I could see the bronze minute hand moving ever so slowly behind its shiny glass face. The ticking grew louder and I rolled over. Burying my head in my pillow, I strained for it to stop, but it would not.

Suddenly, I flung off the blankets and arose with but one purpose in mind. Creeping from my bedroom, I sneaked carefully along the long hallway to the livingroom where the clock sat, thinking all the while of how the problem could best be solved. Perhaps the clock could "accidentally" fall on the floor, or the pendulum could get lost like the cat did while we were camping. I entered the room and could see the fireplace, dimly lit by a streetlamp outside. There was the clock, sitting smugly between the football trophy and a photograph of my brother. I approached cautiously, almost as if it might bite back, and raised my hands to lift it from its place.

My fathers voice boomed through the darkness, "GET THE HELL BACK TO BED AND GO TO SLEEP". I was like the devil speaking out. In my fright I fell twice while racing back to my room. There I lay safely in my bed, none the worse for the scare, but still shaking so much that I hardly noticed as the clock callously called the quarter-hour.

RICHARD TERVO

STORY

Once there was a young girl who lived all alone in a peasants' cottage with her mother and father.

She sat one day moping and sadly staring out the window at the beautiful day outside. Her mother asked, "What's the matter, Marjorie?"

She answered, "Nothing, Mother."

Her mother, not satisfied with this answer, said, "There must be something wrong, it's such a beautiful day, why aren't you happy?"

Majorie resignedly replied, "Well, to tell you the truth, I am unhappy about something. I'm upset about the Progressive Income Tax System."

"Come now, on such a beautiful day, as mentioned above, you worry about such a serious subject. What do you mean by that?"

"It just seems unfair that we use all the services provided by the government just as much, and no less, than anybody else, but we don't pay anything. The rich people have to pay it all."

"Hush, child! or . . ."

Just then, Marjorie's father burst into the room with a wild and angry look on his face. They didn't pay any attention to it, because he had a habit of bursting into rooms with a wild and angry look on his face.

But it soon became obvious that he had heard everything, for he shouted, "Out Of This House, Ungrateful Foolish Girl, And Never Come Back!"

"But, Husband," said her mother, his wife, "if she blasphemed, it was in her innocence; she is yet but a child!"

"Out, Out, And Never Let Me See Your face Again!" he shouted.

Marjorie rushed out, and slammed the door. She leaned against it breathlessly, to rest a little before venturing out into the world. The last words she heard from her family were that of her mother saying, "But this is the fourth daughter you've kicked out," and her father replying, "Silence, Woman, Or You Shall Follow!"

Ah, how she remembered the fun she used to have with her mother, going out to throw stones at any Rolls Royce that happened to pass by, and the monthly trips to the post office to collect the welfare checks. But those days were gone forever.

She lived by scrimping, begging in the streets, doing terribly odd jobs, and, yes, even. . . even. . . even borrowing from her friendly bank next door. Gads, she lived a terrible life. One day, while walking along the street she found a shiny new penny.

This was no ordinary penny, it was a very rare penny, a very rare 1927 penny.

Two things made it very rare. One was the tiny engraver's mark, a tiny "D" on the face of the coin, which separated it from common ordinary "H's". The other was that it was still only 1926.

Just then a rich old kindly coin collector was passing by, muttering to himself, "I just wish I could have the first 1927 "D" penny in the world, how

I wish I could have it! I would give a fortune for it!"

Fortunately, Majorie heard him. She cried, "Sir, Sir I have a 1927 "D" penny!"

"What? I'll be darned! and it's only 1926! I'll give you a fortune for it! I'll give you a hundred thou. . .

"Are you by any chance a lonely peasant girl?"

"Why, Yes."

"Like I was saying, I'll give you a hundred dollars for it."

"Wow! That sure is a fortune!"

So she took the money and invested it in The Stock Market, and made a fortune. A real fortune. Two thousand dollars!

But she never forgot the poor people, she used to drive her Rolls Royce through the peasant cottage slums just to let them throw stones at it.

And so she paid exorbitant taxes and lived happily ever after.

MANUEL ALMUDEVAR

TEA FOR TWO

Mary and I sat at opposite ends of the table, she gazing into her empty tea-cup while I pondered clouds, blue sky, grass and trees. Several of the lots which joined onto ours attracted my attention but all seemed meaningless in comparison to the passionate glances I stole at Mary's deep sensual cleavage which had slightly exposed itself to the golden haze of a fresh morning sunbeam.

Breakfast had been slow but enjoyable; I say slow simply because we two spoke very little during breakfast and it seemed to have made me more aware of time, but I did drop my fork upon the floor so as to catch a straining glimpse of Mary's silken smooth calves and was pleasantly surprised this morning by the fact that her dress had caught on the table and had thus ridden up over her knee exposing a few inches of her soft milk-white thighs. I glanced for but a second and then returned the fork to my plate. She seemed to be unaware of my shockingly rude behaviour and I could not help a slight grin.

Tea was ready and so I confined my gaze to the table and concentrated on the process of pouring.

I gazed into the freshly poured tea as it steamed and rippled in the cup. The

whiteness of the cup offered up many different shadows, shapes and forms as the light danced through its light rust color. I proceeded, thoroughly involved, to experiment with angles of light simply by tipping the cup this way and that and to my surprise and pleasure I found that by tipping my cup forward ever so carefully so as not to spill the tea I could see Mary's delicate reflection and thus study in depth her every curve and shadowed shape. I pondered the reflection as it rolled rhythmically with the rippling tea and thought how virginal, how sweet and innocent this reflection seemed to be.

I poured the milk and it formed a fluid column straight down then billowed off the bottom rolling up the sides and coating the cup and the tea with a soft color that snapped off my picturesque view.

So startled was I by the sudden disappearance of my love that my fist banged the table jarring and jostling everything on and around it, including Mary who slumped heavily forward spilling the hot tea all over herself. I rose from my chair, crossed over to where Mary lay face down and proceeded to prop her up again, but to my shock and horror she was an awful mess with tea all down her silk white dress. To see this sight made me weep bitter sweet tears when I thought of all the lengths I had gone to to dress her for this fine Sunday morning.

GRAEME MCKENNA
RITZ©

THE RUNGE PRESS LTD.
COMPLIMENTS
THE BOYS OF
ASHBURY COLLEGE
AND THE
EDITORS OF THE
ASHBURIAN AND
INDEPENDENT
PRESS

MY HOME LAND

In the land so far away
Where the sun shines throughout the day
 Where the sea wind blows
Towards the beaches with white sea
waves
Each night to God I pray
I will be back home some day.

Here I see the clouds floating with grace
To where the sun rises every day
Always in my heart I say
Behind the clouds is my birth place
And there is the land
Where my love forever stays.

Translated from the Chinese by
George Ng.

MIRROR

Once I almost followed him there
where
in a deep and empty memory
he stores his secrets,
our secrets, and those
of alien abnormalities.
Curiously I lifted a hand,
and one it met,
which I could not touch, or fathom
very clearly,
for slipping down the cold
perfect with his secrets
there,
admirations, treaties,
tears and love affairs,
like dogs who touched noses
they fell apart again.

KAREN MOLSON

THE MINDS' EYE

Ah! but when time comes,
When the deed is done,
A man reflects and recounts
Of things right or wrong.

Whether to consider what's
On the minds' eye, or yet,
What is properly done.
The righteous thing to do.

When the act first conceived
Is of little importance,
It is of circumstance, and
Change; and chance alone.

When the act committed
Is farthest from sight,
The choices are but one: —
Redemption of the soul.

Ah — but when the time comes,
When the deed is done,
A man reflects and recounts:
Was it right or wrong . . . ?

Only the minds' eye knows.

JOHN P. MOORE

BUTTERFLY

A pretty girl dressed colourfully.

I knew the spring was coming.
Then I saw your dress blown up by the
breeze.

Like a rainbow in the sun.
Twinkle, twinkle little butterfly
darting here and there, up and down
among the flower beds.

O! flower girl, flower-girl how beautiful
and free you are!

Flying high, flying low, flying every-
where.

If I had such beautiful clothes,
I would fly with you. Girl!

ANDREW LEUNG

THE WAY TO THE MAGIC KINGDOM

I know —
That I could get to the
Magic Kingdom,
If I could find the right road.

But the City is large.
Glaring Red lights,
One-way streets,
Yield signs,
Stop signs,
Confuse my Search for
The Way to the Magic Kingdom.

Occasionally —
Someone finds a path.
But the signposts they place,
Seem to point the right way,
Only for some.

So —
Do I try East Street,
Hare Krishna, Katmandu?

Or Christ Avenue,
Munching the Flesh made by General
Foods.

Or Eight-Fold Road,
The Tree-lined path.

Or Camus Crescent,
With a fine view of the
Benign Indifference of the Universe,
From the summit.

I'm searching —
And shall search till Eternity for
The Way to the Magic Kingdom.
Dark alleys, and
Winding labyrinths of narrow streets,
I'll penetrate.
Peering into the gloom for a clue to
The Way to the Magic Kingdom.

\$\$\$

We know the Way to the
Magic Kingdom.
For specially priced
Family vacations, call your
travel agent.
Or Eastern.

I. S. D. HIGGINS

THE BRITISH WAY

She answers the door in housecoat and slippers,
holding a cup of tea.
Taking the telegram from the nervous messenger,
she closes the door upon his retreating back.
The soft pink slippers tremble as she cowers at the
impersonal message of doom.
Dazed, she sits next to the wireless,
Great Churchill's wartime voice . . . the tea going cold.
The sight of her charwoman's garb lying neatly
folded on a chair brings her numbed mind
slowly back . . . to the present.
Then, newly widowed and childless by the mighty Luftwaffe,
She goes into the kitchen and pours herself another cup of tea.

PAUL DEEPAN

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CLOSING DAY

Twas the night before closing day
All through the flat,
Not a creature was stirring,
('Cept Prudence, the cat)
Blue blazers were hung by the closets with care,
When closing day came, we would know what to wear!
Most students were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of summertime danced in their heads.
But some in their mittens and long woolly caps,
Had just settled down to a long game of craps.
When all of a sudden there rose such a clatter,
They sprang from their game to see what was the matter.
Away to the windows we flew like a flash,
Tore open the curtains and threw up the sash.
When what to our wandering eyes should appear,
But Gordie's Toyota, laden with beer.
With a little old driver so lively and bright,
We knew in a moment that this was the night!
More rapid than eagles the cases they came,
He whistled and shouted and called them by name;
Choose BRADOR! or EXPORT! Now here comes the brew!
A two-four of GOLDEN!, O'KEEFE! or of BLUE!
To the top of the school, to the end of the hall,
Now Drink away! Drink away! Drink away all!
So up to the house-top, the boarders they flew,
This party was starting to be quite the zoo!
As we drew in our heads and were turning around,
Down the hall Mr. Hyatt came with a bound.
He was dressed all in jeans, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of beer he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes — how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up in a frown,
And the beard on his chin was, though sloppy, quite brown.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a round little belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf.
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave us to know we had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the glasses; then turned with a jerk,
And laying a finger aside of his ear;
Up went his arm, down the hatch went the beer.
He sprang back to his car, to his wife gave a whistle,
And away they both flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"HAPPY CLOSING TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT"

— A TOTTENHAM HOUSE PRODUCTION —

BY BOB MORRISON AND
RICHARD TERVO

—SUNDAY NIGHT BLUES—

Jimmy Page was fighting through a break. The room was filled with the warm atmosphere of the fire. I had just mixed a Gin Fizz when 'Stairway to Heaven' followed in the program. A strange yet sedated spirit dominated the place. The piper had led me to sanity and reason for a fleeting moment. The red sun was setting in a hurry.

It was the best time to fall under a blues spell. Really, a Sunday evening with homework accomplished is the ideal moment to acquire this feeling. One is only left with hope after running a race that can't be won. The night was dying. I walked into the land of stunted trees and barren stone only wishing in the mist. How tranquil it seemed after a rough night out on the town. It was a good mood for making decisions. 'You Shook Me Babe' came on next.

It is a pity that everyone doesn't have the opportunity to spend an evening with Mr. Page. It would become an epidemic. Sunday night prime time T.V. would suddenly cease. What a betrayal to Hollywood, David Bowie and Elton John!

Jimmy can make you dance or cry. He can be magical. The hangover can be one of melancholy or of refreshment. Monday mornings become bearable.

The ice melted at the bottom of the tall glass. The herring tidbits were exceptional. 'Echoes' frightened me. It was over. Sunday night blues had me. I hope to God they never lose my grasp.

ADRIAN CONWAY

NAILS GETS NAILED

Shots echoed through the still halls of Ashbury College, and the shrill cry of a student in distress issued from Mr. Nails' classroom. Suddenly, two masked men rushed out in a hail of bullets, carrying Mr. Nails' with them.

"Don't play games with me!" he yelled, as he was whisked outside into a waiting getaway car, which then sped away in a cloud of burning rubber.

Panic ripped through the school as the news spread. This master, more than any other, seemed essential in the running of the college. Without Nails, the school would surely collapse.

The police soon arrived, and found a ransom note instructing Mr. Choice to wait by the phone for their demands. Would he comply with their wishes? In his words, "We haven't much choice!"

When the telephone call came, in less than fifteen minutes, Mr. Choice was more than surprised with the message:

"Take him back! All he wants to talk about is how history proves that kidnapping does not pay!"

Soon Mr. Nails was back in his classroom, the students were happy, the school was saved. When asked about his experience, he replied in true Nails' fashion:

"I used my head and made a point."

RICHARD TERVO

AFRIAT'S WAY

The twisting, clanking rattle in the engine of the BMW had me nervous. The vibration of the motorcycle made my teeth chatter, which seemed odd; the temperature as we entered Tripoli hit the 105 mark.

I had noticed the rattle several days before, but we had no money to repair whatever the trouble was, and besides, we had to get out of Libya. Even the American consulate had closed down now that the coup had occurred, after advising all Americans to leave the country.

As we rode down the main boulevard, a policeman on a motorcycle appeared in front of me. A few seconds later I spied a second cop in my rear-view mirror. Then we were surrounded by policemen on all sides riding big, powerful BMW motorcycles with sparkling, well-maintained engines. They all wore blue uniforms and knee-high black leather boots, and each had an enormous revolver tucked in a black leather holster. The officer who was obviously in charge signalled that I was to follow him, and first his then the other policemen's sirens began to wail as we sped through the main boulevard.

Joyce poked her long nose into my hair and shouted,

"What do you think he wants, were you speeding?" I shook my head. We were creating quite a stir amongst the local Arabs. I suppose it must have looked rather unusual, to see a pair of American youths on a beat-up motorcycle speeding through the main drag of Tripoli with a police escort.

We turned down a smaller street, and soon came to a huge garage door. It seemed, as we entered, as if we were descending into the bowels of the earth. We rode down a vast, descending spiral, around and around, the noise echoing off the concrete. Finally we found ourselves in the largest garage I had ever seen. Forty of fifty mechanics wrenching, screw-drove and drilled over the BMW engines of the police-corps' motorcycles. The officer who had originally beckoned me dismounted and approached us. He was a big man, with a black, full moustache and incredibly black eyes. The sheer sight of him had me scared, and although I could not think of any specific law that I might have broken, I was worried. Joyce held my arm very tightly, and I could detect inklings of fear in her taut, sunburnt face.

"You are Americans," the officer said in heavily accented English. We both nodded. I fully expected him to throw us in jail. "Your machine requires attention. My men will fix it. You will linger."

I felt my muscles relax, but only for a moment. As the mechanics began to take the cycle apart, I remembered that I still had a half-ounce of hashish that I'd bought in Ankara and had hidden in a corked tube in the gas-tank. I had borrowed the idea from 'Easy Rider'. The mechanics had no particular reason to examine the tank, unless to check the fuel or the flow or something, but it still kept my nerves taut to watch them tinkering around. They seemed distracted by something however. They kept looking at something with fascination, and I watched one grease-clad mechanic unscrew a bolt and then proceed to screw it up again. I followed his line of sight and saw immediately what had caught their attention.

Joyce, despite her rather long nose, happened to be quite an attractive young woman. Furthermore, she had a nice, generous, firm pair of breasts, an aspect of her which made her extremely

pleasant to ride with. The heat had pasted her thin T-shirt onto her body, and the mechanics seemed to gradually lose interest in the motorcycle. The Arabs must certainly have found it a treat. As the custom goes in the Arab world, the women expose no more than a slit for the eyes, and wear enormous, billowing gowns. As I was wishing that Joyce would put on a jacket or something, she bent down over the motorcycle to take something out of her bag. All the mechanics' eyes bulged, taking full advantage of the opportunity. As she reached down a small but horribly conspicuous Star of David on a chain fell out and dangled in front of all the Arabs' startled eyes. Joyce quickly tucked the chain back in, and the whole scene lasted but a fraction of a second, but there could be no doubt that the mechanics had seen the star, as well as the officer, who spoke in very rapid Arabic to the mechanics, and they again set to work pulling the motorcycle apart.

After fifteen minutes my motorcycle lay in a hundred or so pieces on the garage room floor. The problem, as it turned out, was a bent crankshaft. All the mechanics ooed and aaahed at its crooked shape, holding it up and looking along it while turning it.

The officer, who had introduced himself as Captain Sherif, shouted a few more orders at the mechanics, and said to us:

"My men will fix your machine. Now you will join me for lunch at my house." We ate a superb lunch of cous-cous, rice and lamb served by Sherif's two wives. We talked of the situation in Libya and the imminent results of the coup. Finally, when we came to the mint tea, he said:

"You are both American. The girl, what is more, is Jewish. You will not be able to get out of Libya by the normal channels. Do you know anyone who can help you to escape?" I thought carefully and replied yes. "Good. If you do not leave the country in a day or two, the authorities will take you and . . . you may be here very long."

He took us back to the garage, where my BMW waited for me, new crank-shaft, lubrication and general clean-up having been applied. We thanked Sherif profusely, and left.

I kept to the small streets, hoping to avoid the soldiers who were beginning to occupy them. We arrived at a small, attractive villa on the outskirts of the town. As we entered, Afriat welcomed us.

"Ah, enter, my good friends, how have you been passing life? You have come to replenish your stocks, perhaps, or is this, as you might say, a 'social' call?"

"Neither, I'm afraid," I said, and explained the situation. . . . so as you can see, we must find a way out of Libya without being caught by the authorities. We can't go by the road or we will be stopped at the border." I had come to Afriat because, as a smuggler and peddler of hashish, he was quite adept at handling, as he called them, 'irregularities'.

"My good chap," he began, "You have perceived the situation beyond the encompassing vagaries and attacked the crisis at its heart. I have devised a plan that, if put into effect, will see you safely into Tunisia tomorrow night. Please allow me a few hours to make the necessary arrangements. Meanwhile, my humble abode is your own."

And we made it so. To have a sense of comfort, security, if only for a moment, relaxed us tremendously. After a delicious dinner, Afriat brought out his collection of elaborate pipes, including one incredible pipe which glowed a bright blue as one sucked in the smoke. We sampled about seven different types of hash during the evening: green, black, brown, from as near as

Tunisia and as far away as Taiwan. The relaxed atmosphere and the warm, soothing smoke and Afriat's elaborate description of each brand of hashish made me forget my troubles, and I went to sleep in the plush cushions as soon as I stretched out.

The following day was spent going through Afriat's plan over and over, poring over maps, going over the timings and procedure. The absolutely last stage of the operation he would not explain to me, saying that I would know what to do when I came to it.

We left an hour after nightfall. Afriat had given me an extremely expensive watch, which had been synchronized to a precise second. Also, he had insisted that I take an ounce of his finest hash. I had hesitated, partially because he had done so much for us and partially because I was afraid of being caught. He did, however, persuade me.

"Nonsense my good man. Accept it as a memento of the good times we have spent together, and remember me each time its aroma pervades your nostrils. As for the danger, one might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. But let us not dwell on that possibility. Cheerio. Allah be with you." And so we rode into the night.

I followed the map along a series of small back-roads, heading for the Tunisian border. The route chosen avoided the main towns, where we might encounter army. Joyee evidently had more reason to fear being caught; her long nose and little yellow star would soon give her away. She clung to me very tightly. As I passed along the route, I checked for landmarks and matched them against the time.

As we were stopping to examine the map and check the time we heard the clanking and rumble of some sort of military vehicle. I looked around for somewhere to hide, but we were in semi-desert country, and all the cover I could see was a small, stunted tree. I quickly moved the BMW behind the tree, laying it on its side, while Joyee and I lay flat in the short grass. The clanking drew nearer and nearer, until two tanks appeared, with about twenty soldiers bringing up the rear. An officer-filled jeep led the column. We were both scared out of our skins, hardly daring to breathe. One of the soldiers started towards us. The urge to dash to the cycle and make a break for it almost overwhelmed me, but I knew that it would be futile, we would not get twenty feet. The soldier stopped about a hundred feet in front of us, and urinated. I found the scene simultaneously hilarious and terrifying. I nearly opened my mouth, whether it would have been to laugh or scream I do not know. He returned after a tantalizingly long minute or so to the column. After I judged that the column was sufficiently out of range we re-mounted and set off again. I drove faster, partially because we were now a minute behind schedule and partially because I wanted to put a lot of space between us and those tanks.

As we neared the border, I slowed, in order to try to avoid detection. We stopped on the edge of the road high up on a hill, at a point determined by a tree with a broken branch, where a small foot-trail began. I turned off the light and ignition and peered down the slope into blackness. What lay at the bottom of the path I did not know. All I could make out were the guard-posts spaced at regular intervals along the border, their spot-lights occasionally illuminating the barbed wire fencing which marked the frontier.

I looked at my watch, waiting for the exact second I was to move. At the appointed time, I set off down the hill, without light or power. I could barely see well enough to negotiate the rocks and shrubs on the mountain side, trying to stay on the

almost imperceptible trail. Down and down we went, building up an alarming speed, crashing and banging over the rough terrain. As we neared the bottom I prepared to turn on the light and the ignition. I could make out some sort of dark form in front of me. Suddenly, as my terror mounted and my arms were aching from the strain I switched on the power and all hell broke loose simultaneously. The engine caught, and all the fuel that had been emptying into the cylinders as we had coasted ignited with a deafening explosion, sending flames shooting out the exhausts. All the dogs in Africa started barking, the guards in the posts shouted and swivelled the spotlights towards us. My heart missed a beat as the headlight illuminated a massive wooden jump over the barbed-wire fence, but it was too late to turn back. I jammed the throttle wide open, hit the jump at full speed and we found ourselves airborne. Just at this second the two spotlights from either guard-post focused on us, and a clatter of machine-guns rattled in my ears as I saw white-hot tracer bullets flicker around me. I found myself, for some inexplicable reason, to be laughing my head off. After what seemed like a flight across the Atlantic we landed, smashing into a rock with an impact that knocked the wind out of me and sent me off balance, then hitting another rock which seemed to restore my equilibrium. We sped full-tilt over the desert, the tracers disappearing behind us, leaving the chaos behind.

Three hours later we stopped for the night under a tree in the wild. After cooking a dinner of lamb that Afriat had given us, I filled my pipe with some of Afriat's hash. The flavour was familiar, and all of a sudden I recognized it with a start, then a smile. It was the green Tunisian hash we had tried at his house. Afriat's humour, I thought.

By IAN HIGGINS

POEM

The old man lay
silently weeping
for his body that was no more.

In his mind
he chased a rabbit,
stalked a deer,
caught again each fish;
cast into some placid lake
felt the strike and saw its silvery body
glint in the sun.

Then they were gone.
He thought of his life.
Sunny Days.
Then it was gone.

RICHARD TERVO



THE DIVE

The mists of semi-consciousness slowly faded away, as I gradually regained my sense of awareness. Suddenly, a loud ringing noise startled me. Quickly, I opened my eyes, sat up, and felt a tenseness all over my muscles. It was the alarm clock! On the bedside table above my head it stood vibrating. I reached over, switched it off, and slumped back into the warm, comfortable bed. I did not want to move!

About fifteen minutes later, I was in the shower, then I got my breakfast ready and carried it out onto the patio.

As I sat there, the cool North-East Trade winds blew past. The sound of the roaring waves which bit into the cliff came up from some hundred feet below.

Biting into the toast, I looked to my right. Already, people were arriving at the beach resort. I could barely see the small families sitting on the beach taking in as much of the sun's rays as possible. The beach glistened as the gentle swash of the waves ran up the shore and mingled with the sun and sand.

To the west was a completely different world. A strange, wild atmosphere. My kind of place. About half a mile out from the shore, the rip, an area of sea currents which suck a person below or out to sea, rippled and caused swells to form. Closer to the land, reefs; huge reefs with caves and deep trenches, just skimmed the top of the water when the swells moved back to sea. These reefs joined a platform with the floor running right up to the edges of the steep cliffs.

My house was built in the centre of these two environments. On one side, the calm, and on the other the vicious rip with me in between. I liked it this way. I took the last of my orange juice and walked back to the kitchen.

While washing the dishes, the phone rang.

"Hi Barry, how are you feeling this morning?" It was Bill, a good buddy of mine. "That was a rough party last night, eh? I don't know how I got up this morning."

"Same here. I almost stayed in bed all morning, but I decided to get up and face another day once more."

"Anyway, look, the reason I'm calling is to ask if you'd like to go for a dive later on."

"Why, sure! If anything will wake me up, that will. Where shall we go?"

"Well, we could go out around the point to explore that old sunken galleon..."

"Yes, that would be nice."

"So I'll see you at the shop in about half an hour then!"

"OK, see you later."

I went back to washing the dishes, then went downstairs to the basement to get my diving equipment out. Dragging the trunk upstairs, I thought to myself that this would probably put my mind at rest for a while, and that was just what I needed; a rest.

After putting the trunk into the back of the jeep, I got into a pair of jeans and a T-shirt, put on my sneakers, and had a smoke. I soon left the house, and headed down the hill towards the beach resort. The place was crowded. All shapes, sizes, and colors of bathing suits could be seen. Little kids played in the sand, teen-aged lovers necked in the sea, and the middle to old aged people just laid on the beach, sun-bathing.

My friend arrived about five minutes after I did, and then he packed his stuff into the jeep, and we took off for the other side of the beach.

Driving along, I could see nature's excellence; the beautiful sunshine, the flowers which grew wild along the sides of the road, and the large ancient trees off to the right, on the side of the hill, with corn-bird's nests hanging down from almost every branch. It was a beautiful place, the earth, but it did not have the beauty of the under-water atmosphere; the beautiful coral reefs, with the colorful little fish swimming in and out of the grooves, the sea-anemones which by some instinct, sucked themselves into the rocks at any indication of

danger, or the schools of small silver fish which lived deep in the trenches of the rocks. It was a completely different beauty; it was as if God had spent more time creating the ocean and its life than he had the land.

I had started to dive when I was about eleven years old, and since then, I had become more interested in it. I loved the new feeling I got each time I went down to the floor, or when I just glided through the water, doing somersaults and floating on my back so that I could see the surface so far above me, and the sun beams cutting through the water at all different angles. This was where I felt free. I could always find relaxation in the water, and as I drove along, my thoughts centred on this. I would be fine after this dive.

If only I had known what was in store for me on this dive, I would have stayed in bed.

The coolness of the water covered my body as I slipped gently into the ocean. It took about twenty seconds for all of the bubbles to float up in front of my goggles. I adjusted them, and sucked hard on the air tube. The cool, fresh oxygen surged into my lungs, and again I had that feeling of total freedom. Above me, I could see Bill's feet coming down the steps of the ladder which hung on the side of the boat. Next, his torso submerged, and eventually his head came into view. He let go of the bottom step and slowly turned, looking for me. He spotted me and began to descend.

At about seventy-five feet, we stopped swimming and hung motionless in the water. This is when I begin my diving ritual. I did somersaults, and appeared to be flying through the water. This strange act had not affected Bill, as he was accustomed to it. The first time I had done it in his presence, he had questioned me about it after we got back on land. I explained as best as I could about the feeling I got when I was in the water. Now he understood. He saw almost the same things as I did, and this was how we came to be good friends.

The water that morning was unusually clear, and although it was deep, I could see bottom almost. After descending about fifteen feet more, the boat came into sight. The broken mast lay covered in moss, sand and coral. The hull was caved in, and beautiful little fish swam in and out of the boards.

Getting down closer, I could see the little sea-creatures nibbling the moss which seemed to take over the boat. It

was so thick in some places that the boards seemed like the sea bed.

We moved in and looked into the dark opening that was once the hull of the boat. There was nothing to be seen, it was pitch black, and had an eerie feeling about it. Behind me, Bill rested his hand on my shoulder. It startled me, and turning around to see what it was, I was confronted with the most hideous sight that I'd ever laid my eyes on. Gliding through the water about twenty feet above us was the largest shark I'd ever seen. I never believed they could grow to the size of this thing which cut through the water with the greatest of ease. It was a whitish-grey colour, and from nose to tail, I estimated, about twenty to twenty-five feet. It was all strength, and by some extra sense, as if it picked up my thoughts through the water, it opened and closed its mouth slowly so as to give me a view of the four rows of massive teeth.

Shocked senseless, I hung motionless in the water, and Bill looked at me. He could not understand what I was doing. Then he saw my eyes staring, the fear pouring out of them. Immediately he followed my line of vision and stood there, mouth clenched around the air tube. After what seemed like a lifetime, I looked at him questioningly. He did not know what to do either. All this time, the monster was just prowling in wide circles around the ship.

At one time, I thought it had gone away, and I climbed up on the side of the boat to look around. As soon as I did get onto the highest point, I saw him coming towards me. Quickly I scampered off, grabbing Bill by the shoulder and pulling him into the hull of the boat. On settling down in the dark room, a large swirling feeling came over us as a large manta-ray swept out from under us and out through the opening. From the darkness, we saw the horrible ending. The shark had come down to the opening, and just as the ray swam out, by instinct, the shark snapped at it. It caught it on the right wing, and bit clean through it. The ray swam for a little while, shivering, then fell slowly to the bottom, where the sand rose in a cloud around it. It was dead for sure. Now the shark turned around and started coming for the boat. Instantly, my heart froze and the blood stopped running through my body. I felt an icy hand of fear clutch my spine; I stood there thinking about what to think. My head was spinning. I felt faint. "No," I thought to myself, "Keep your head together, you'll need it."

The giant head came slowly into the hole, and the giant eyes searched for us. We crouched together in the corner behind some old boxes. The shark began to shake its head from side to side, knocking away the edges and making the opening bigger. It began to move forward slowly, then eventually came within touching range of Bill and I. The gills rippled in sequence close to my face, and the large lifeless looking eyes moved from side to side, then suddenly it stopped. The eyes looked directly into mine. The feeling of utter horror swept from my toes to the tip end of my longest strand of hair in about two seconds. Slowly, I lifted the speargun. I knew that it would do nothing to the shark's body, but if I could shoot the eye, maybe the spear could puncture the brain, and the explosive tip could kill it.

I took aim. Not that I had a long distance to shoot; I almost touched the thing. I pressed the trigger slowly and firmly. A familiar jerk shook me back and I lay down low. I was lucky that I did at that time, because as the spear penetrated the eye, the large head swung around, mouth open in a gruesome snarl, and began thrashing wildly. Looking up, I noticed a hole above us. If we could swim along the length of the body, then out through the hole, we might be able to surface before the shark got out.

I tapped Bill, and pointed out our means of escape. He shook his head approvingly, then moved quickly into the "ready to go" position. The shark by this time was going mad. The spear still jutted out from the side of his head, blood oozing out into the water.

Quickly, we swam behind the shark, then up through the hole. Once again, the sun's rays glimmered in the water. We began to ascend slowly, looking down all of the time to see if the shark would come out and attack us again. No, it stayed down, shaking, half of its body outside, moving violently from side to side, but only trying to propel itself further into the hull of the boat.

On surfacing, we began to swim towards the boat. About six feet from it, I felt an excruciating pain in the right side of my leg. Looking under, I realized we were being followed by a group of smaller sharks. They had been attracted by the noise and blood. One had bitten into my leg, and had torn a large piece of meat and muscle out of my thigh. Struggling, I reached the ladder, and pulled myself up with a little help from Bill. Resting on the edge of the boat, I looked back and saw the fins, knifing

through the water towards the boat. Bill started the engine and hauled the anchor up.

Looking down at my leg, I felt the boat's engine shift into gear, and we began to move towards shore. The next thing I knew, I was lying in bed in the hospital. My leg was bandaged up and Bill was standing over me.

"That was some dive, eh?" he said.

I nodded, and fell back into a state of unconsciousness. When I woke up, I thought it had all been a dream, but the bandages were really there, and the pain surged through my body. I knew that there would be a terrible scar which would remind me of my last dive.

BARRY WENT



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THE BOMBING MISSION

It was the crack of dawn. As usual and as if on cue, I next heard the familiar muffled shouts of the mechanics as they rolled out the JU 88's. Why was it that I still wasn't accustomed to their shouts or for that matter the squeaking wheels? Suddenly engines roared and I became uneasy again. "Calm down" I said to myself, "the mechanics are only testing the engines and who knows, it could very well be that this time our mission won't be so disastrous."

The shrill whine of the engines yelled out again and again as they were revved to their limits — their crescendo called me to war and suddenly I realized why I detested that high pitched sound. It reminded me of a caged animal who could never escape and who lamented his fate by shrieks and yells. (Is that what I represent?)

I got out of bed and pulled on my flying suit and because it was fur-lined my thoughts once again returned to the vision of a caged animal. How ironical because I often felt trapped and there was really nothing I could do about it! Was I caged and could there ever be an escape? After sipping some coffee, I ran from my room into the cold, refreshing air outside. How invigorating the icy wind felt and how it cleansed my head in spite of the gasoline odour which permeated the air. I could see Johann, my co-pilot in the cockpit — he was routinely checking the controls and throttling the four engines of our bomber. How thorough and precise Johann was and I chuckled as I thought how out of place he will be in society once this damn war was over.

I climbed through the door and nervously fell into my seat, greeted Johann and then checked the panel of instruments. Their illumination and blinking lights never ceased to amaze me. Actually they were quite picturesque but like many pretty and beautiful things, they were dedicated to one purpose — destruction.

The tail gunner, a young lad of about 21 with typical blonde hair and blue eyes, acknowledged my presence with a smart salute. I greeted him with a handshake and asked him his name.

"M-M-My n-name is Hahns, Sir."

I assured him that this bombing run would probably "be a piece of cake, so relax and take it easy." Just then the intercom barked out that we were to assemble in the briefing room for a personal order from the base commander and we all scrambled out of the plane.

"Your mission, gentlemen, is of the utmost importance and must *not* fail because the safety and continuance of the Father-land is at stake. You are to *completely destroy* the ammunition factories of London!"

Without further discussion, we were immediately dismissed and we quickly assembled in the pre-bombing room to study our orders and memorize the points and pictures of our destination.

Within five minutes we were in our plane and hurtling down the runway. "Everyone alright", I yelled into the intercom. Affirmative replies came back and Wolfgang, our bombardier cautioned us to avoid any sudden turns as we were overloaded with 15-5000 pound bombs which were not delay-fused but already activated for explosion upon instant contact. "Why the Hell do they make us a flying bomb," I wondered in anger. "Don't they realize that without us there wouldn't be anyone to carry these loads of destruction?"

The engines roared faster and faster until they reached that inevitable boring pitch! Oh, how I hated the sound of that perpetual drone! You could not weaken for a moment, otherwise

it would lull you to sleep which didn't bring respite but brought disaster.

Johann pointed to the altimeter which read 30,000 feet and then wrote on the chalkboard that we were already over the channel. This meant radio silence, so we scanned the sky for the rest of our formation. Instantaneously we caught each other's eyes because from out of nowhere there appeared 3 Spitfires. I could feel my stomach muscles tighten and I fought back an uncontrollable urge to dive away from their approach, but of course I could not. My hands perspired so much that they slipped repeatedly while I worked the instruments. All the while I could hear the reverberating chatter of our machine guns and I could see the trails of the tracer bullets as they hurtled harmlessly into space. "Damn, Damn — why the Hell can't someone hit those spitsires," I yelled to no one in particular. Suddenly as if to answer, I saw 2 of the Spitsires explode and a tremendous feeling of relief overtook me. (But why did I then feel sorrow for their pilots? Isn't it better that it was them rather than us?) Where was the third? There, there I pointed to Johann and look, it was giving up and heading into a cloud formation far to our right. Was this a ruse on his part or was he indeed wise enough to realize that he could not possibly deter us from our destination? Anxiously we awaited his return but all the while hoping he would not venture into our formation again — not only for his safety but for ours. Miraculously none of our group was hit and we considered ourselves fortunate. We knew that his return would undoubtedly reverse the odds.

Radio silence was now broken because the remaining Spitfire by this time would have radioed back our position — but there was no turning back. I pushed down hard on the flap lever pedal and looked for the desired result on the altimeter. We were descending very rapidly as we were already down to 20,000 feet and the information over the radio established that the other five bombers in our squadron were right behind us. Johann pointed to his watch and raised his index finger — this was his signal to indicate that we were approximately 1 hour from our destination. Suddenly we noticed ugly, grey puffs of smoke ahead of us and directly in line with our course. My God, we would have to fly through a barrage of anti-aircraft shelling. It was too late for us to climb and with the weight of our bomb load, we could not bank and dive for obvious reasons. Two from our formation fell fast with black tails of smoke following behind. That was the last we saw of them.

My frustration over not being able to help them led to anger for those bastards on the ground manning the anti-aircraft guns. If there was any consolation, it was that our downed bombers would fall right into the middle of the anti-aircraft battery. Our instant contact bombs would level the ground for miles.

"What the Hell", I yelled at Johann, "look to your right and behind. Is that the spitfire we thought hightailed for home?" Before he could answer the Spitfire acknowledged for home?" Before he could answer the Spitfire acknowledged his presence by firing incessantly at the last bomber. From the noise, we concluded the gunners in the plane were returning the firing and with everything they had. (My helpless feeling returned as I could not do nothing to help the last bomber and at the same time I knew that we would be next in line for the spitfire unless it was hit by the following two planes.)

"Oh no," cried out Johann, "Karl has been hit." Our bitter silence and despair were rudely interrupted by shouts of joy coming over the intercom. It was as though everyone at once saw that the spitfire had suffered a direct hit. It exploded with such force that we veered sharply to the left from the impact of

the shock waves and as though prompted by a conductor, the shouts of joy suddenly ceased. A slightly harder shock wave would have detonated our cargo — everyone realized this awesome fact at the same instant!

We were now exactly 2 minutes away from our designated target and having become aware of the little time left, I issued the crew the necessary instructions. Somehow I tried to muster confidence in my voice in spite of the recurring pains to my stomach and sharp stinging flashes in my head. I was frightened! Johann must have sensed my fright because he signaled that he would take over the controls. What could I do but relinquish command because at this point I was a threat to the mission and crew. Unashamedly I shook and begged someone — anyone — to give me the courage to fulfill my duties.

Flak and shell bursts were visible all around but above us. I took no consolation from the fact that we were beneath the danger zone of the anti-aircraft barrage and I simply could not understand why the ground batteries did not adjust their range accordingly.

Wolfgang shouted over the intercom to keep the craft steady as he was lining up the bombsight. By now we were down to 10,000 feet and miraculously I felt the urge to take over the controls. Johann must have extra-sensory perception because he smiled, removed his hands from the controls and said in a very debonair manner, "your ship, my Captain."

The plane lurched slightly 15 times in 15 seconds as Wolfgang released the bomb load. As though hypnotized, everyone who had a vantage point watched the bombs falling in their peculiar nose-down pattern and for some strange reason I commented to Johann that each bomb load had their own individual patterns. He nodded in the affirmative and I burst out laughing. Here we were — 10,000 feet in the air over hostile territory after dropping a reign of destruction and lo and behold we were chatting as though we had met at the local beergarden!

In slightly less than 2½ minutes we saw a huge ball of fire. My God the complete factory must have been demolished as the sky was aglow with sparkling fireballs. The horizon was livid red as though completely engulfed in the hottest fires of Hell.

"Look out, look out," shouted Karl. "There are four fighters approaching very rapidly at 45 degrees."

I throttled the engines forward to their maximum effort and swerved sharply to the left into a cloud bank. It was now every remaining bomber to themselves as we undertook to find the safest route home.

Johann yelled into the intercom, "Alright you gunners, Let's see your marksmanship. Open your guns and don't stop firing until you exhaust your ammunition — or you're dead."

In reply, we heard the "rat - tat- tat- tat" of the guns from the attacking fighters. Johann called back to Hahns to watch for fighters coming up from underneath — but there was no response. Fearing the worst, Johann then ran back to see if Hahns was alright — perhaps his headset had fallen off during the sudden turns. He returned a few moments later, his face white with horror and I knew what had happened.

Again and again the Spitfires savagely attacked us from every direction. They were determined that none of us would ever repeat the likes of this mission and my only concern at this point was to somehow or other make it back home. I heard the shatter of glass and felt wisps of cold air around my feet. A cry of terror shifted from below me and then silence. Our nose gunner had been hit and probably killed.

Again the spitfires pursued their relentless attack. I turned to Johann in desperation. My eyes must be deceiving me. Johann

was immobile as though in a trance. His goggles had turned a crimson red and blood trickled across his serene face. He gasped for air . . . "rat-tat-tat-tat . . ."

"Hello Captain. Can you hear me?" There is someone here most anxious to see you or rather . . . talk to you." Slowly I opened my eyes and strained my ears but as much as I tried, I could not recognize that voice.

"It's your co-pilot, said the same voice from above. "Now don't move otherwise your bandages will unravel."

My eyes now distinguished a man in a white coat gaping down at me as though I were some prized specimen on display "Where am I?" I meekly enquired.

In perfect German the man in the white coat replied, "Why in the hospital of course and my name is Dr. Waddington. Your ship crashed and unfortunately only you and your . . ."

"Johann is that you? Is that really you? But I thought you . . ."

"Captain, please do not excite yourself. Yes, it is I. Johann. We crashed and miraculously you and I survived and we are at the present in an English prison hospital. You must rest now. I will return in a short while."

My eyes became blurred and I found that I was unable to maintain consciousness for any length of time. I felt faint and listless, and damn it all, my stomach burned with pain. I drifted off . . . trying to hear what Johann and the Doctor were saying.

"A pity," said Dr. Waddington.

"Yes," acknowledged Johann. "Are you certain there is no hope for him whatsoever? Do you mean to say that his bones in his legs and back are so shattered that he must remain strapped to that contraption you described for the rest of his life — just like a caged animal?"

SHAWN STRASH (IE)



Just Friends . . .

Orange sun.
Fresh, everyone quiet in their beds, still.
Green, bright trees, each leaf there,
Separate,
 Brilliant,
 Young.
Yellow light.
Driving home.

A wonderful evening.

Perhaps she had been too cold.
Or hot. And a pinch of dust in her eyes.
But she sniffed, her eyes a drop of gentle
Dew, on green clover,
Evaporating in the morning sun.

Perhaps the almost imperceptible quaver in her voice,
Had been — just being tired.
Or my imagination.
As she talked of other things.

I felt we both knew, wished,
But did not know what it might mean.
Or have the boldness to find out.

We had clutched, during the evening,
Longer,
 Stronger,
But never so long or so strongly. To be sure, committed.

At the door,
Lips touched, but for an instant.
A little colour in the cheeks.

Just friends,
So . . .

Over the bridge, the cool, misty water,
Laps endlessly over the smooth stones.
And a little drop or two
Approaches *my* eyes.
But do not quite reach them.

I suppose there will be other mornings soon,
In different lands, ages, as there have been before.

But right now, I would give up all of them,
Without a moment's doubt,
If some time
I could take her in my arms,
And let flow all that I feel for her, and ever have,
Without any obstacles
Of guilt or question
For either of us,
Knowing we could be each others',
Again,
 Hold hands,
 If not forever,
 For a time.
Were it possible.

Perhaps, though,
It was only a pinch of dust.

Just friends . . .

I. S. D HIGGINS

LEONARD HOLMES SIBLEY
1918-1976

The quality of a school depends almost entirely on the quality of its teaching staff. The statement is almost too obvious to be put into print; however it does serve as an apt opening to this tribute to Leonard Sibley.

Sib was a fine teacher. His excellent record in the external matriculation examinations will attest to this, as will the memories of the hundreds of Ashburians whom he taught. Never still, his bustling, no-nonsense approach stirred the imaginations of even the dullest of his students.

Sib was more than a good teacher; he was an outstanding school master. In an independent boarding school a great deal more is required of a teacher than the ability to transmit knowledge in the classroom.

It was in the full performance of the out-of-classroom duties (Sib would never have considered them "duties") that Leonard Sibley became an outstanding school master.

Twenty generations of senior students will remember the nightly feed of peanut butter and jam sandwiches — cheese-laden crackers — chocolate cookies, consumed by fifteen or twenty boys sprawled in sofas, chairs, or on the floor of Sib's room, record player providing a continual background to the chatter. After the boys were in bed, Sib's room became the club room for resident staff, rye and water providing pleasant relaxation.

How many individual boys received sensible advice, and comfort, when they brought personal or academic problems to Sib?

Who can forget Friday morning sing-songs in the chapel? Snellers would take Sib's place at the organ as Sib paraded up and down the aisles exhorting all to "Open your mouths; sing up! LOUDER!"

The impression which Sib gave as he charged from point to point was that, when awake, he never stopped working. This impression is very close to the fact.

There is almost as much paper work associated with the daily running of a boarding school as there is in the army, and probably a great deal more necessary. As the years passed Sib gradually assumed almost full control of producing lists. From the Chapel Reading Rota to the Prefect on Duty Rota; from the Programme for Opening Day to the Closing Prize List.

Ashbury was Sib's life, his real home. I always felt that the brief holiday visits to his family in Brome were undertaken from a sense of duty, and his return to school brought a full sense of contentment.

It is good to know that Sib's twenty-one years with us (from 1945-1966) served two purposes. His presence at Ashbury made it into a better school; his years here brought him genuine happiness.

D. L. POLK



'SIB'

D. CARGILL SOUTHAM, ASHBURY COLLEGE

1922-1932

Ashbury lost one of its staunchest supporters on the death of D. Cargill Southam which occurred in Montreal on 14 December 1975. A member of the Board of Governors since 1962, he maintained a constant interest in the School's affairs. He gave most tangible support over the years including participation with members of his family in providing the Southam Library and his personal leadership which gave Ashbury the Physics Laboratory which bears his name.

He was Captain of the School in 1932, played 1st Soccer and was a leading rifle shot. His contribution to the School throughout his life has been most notable.

We know that those many Ashburians who knew him will wish to join in an expression of profound sympathy to his widow, Dorothy and to members of his family, among them Wilson Southam, Ashbury '60-'64.

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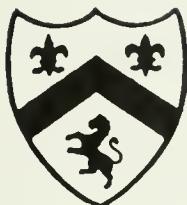
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ASHBURIAN



ASHBURY COLLEGE
OTTAWA

**EDITOR OF THE JUNIOR ASHBURIAN — T. WEBB
FACULTY ADVISOR — D. L. POLK, ESQ.**

DAY BOY MONITORS

Gordon Sellers
Timothy Shearly

BOARDER MONITORS

Ian Fish
Alexander Paterson
Frank Porreca

CHOIR MONITORS

Gordon Sellers
John Shearly
Timothy Shearly

MERIT AWARD WINNERS

Timothy Adams
Alexander Paterson

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Senior Dragons	— A. Paterson
Senior Goblins	— P. Lahey
Senior Hobbits	— T. Mensforth
Senior Wizards	— G. Gittens

Junior Dragons	— B. Alper
Junior Goblins	— C. Wirth
Junior Hobbits	— R. Tamblyn
Junior Wizards	— T. Sellers

T. Shearly	— 79
T. Webb	— 78
A. Paterson	— 72
T. Sellers	— 53
K. Carter	— 52

TOP HOUSE POINT WINNERS

J. Eddy	— 49
F. Porreca	— 48
G. Sellers	— 48
K. Smith	— 46

N. Dumont	— 45
R. Tamblyn	— 45
R. Haslam	— 44
H. Bui	— 41
B. Koltz	— 40

BOYS WHOSE M.L.T.S. STANDING WAS 80% OR BETTER — EXCUSED FINAL EXAMINATIONS

8A	6
J. Eddy	R. Bock
A. Johnston	J. Hooper
A. Paterson	R. Latta
K. Smith	D. Moonjé
T. Webb	A. Nipperdey
7	T. Sellers
T. Adams	

7A	
K. Carter	
J. Fraser	
C. Wirth	
5	
N. Davies	
J. Bociek	

LIBRARIANS

J. Eddy	M. Molozzi	T. Shearly	T. Webb
B. Koltz	J. Nunn	K. Smith	

GOLDEN BOYS (10 Colour Boards)

8A	8L	7
J. Eddy	R. Haslam	T. Adams
C. Habets	F. Porreca	D. Alexander
A. Johnston	M. Romain	N. Dumont
G. McIntosh	7A	6
A. Paterson	H. Bui	R. Latta
T. Shearly	K. Carter	A. Nipperdey
K. Smith	J. Fraser	T. Sellers
T. Webb	R. Tamblyn	5
8K	C. Wirth	D. Afolabi
F. Durazo		N. Davies
G. Gittens		C. McCulloch
J. Ross		A. Morton



THE MONITORS

Back Row: I. D. M. Fish, G. Gittens, F. A. Porreca. Front Row: A. W. G. Sellers, A. M. S. Paterson, M. H. E. Sherwood, Esq., T. N. Shearly.

EDITORIAL

As editor of the Junior Ashburian it is my privilege to provide a summary of the outstanding events of this past school year. 1976 saw the largest enrolment ever at Ashbury, however with considerable effort on the part of the Sports Director, Mr. S. Crockett, all the students participated fully in all phases of the vigorous sports schedule.

Under the talented guidance of Mr. D. Lister the end of the Fall Term was highlighted by the performance of 'Hello Toad' with a large number of the Junior School actively taking part. It was a great success and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

One new development this year was the institution of Activities one day a week in lieu of games period. This was totally new and a welcome chance for people to continue an existing hobby or develop a new interest.

On a chilly April day 50 boys from the Junior School spent two hours on downtown streets to sell daffodils in aid of the Canadian Cancer Society. Altogether the total contribution collected by Ashbury was close to \$5000 dollars. The students were heartened by the co-operation of the public and pleased to help such a worth while cause. Perhaps this may become an annual event.

As a member of the Junior School graduating class I would like to thank all the staff for their tremendous patience and freely given help over the past years. We leave the security of the Junior School somewhat reluctantly, but look forward to new experiences in Year 1. Besides certain members of the Grade 8 classes just couldn't fit the chairs any longer!

This was Ashbury's 85th year, we are only fifteen years from our centennial. I hope all the students here today will be with us in 1991 to really celebrate!

TIM WEBB



JUNIOR BOARDERS

Back Row:	R. B. Haslam, P. Vasquez, B., A. M. S. Paterson, F. G. Sutcliffe, A. Salomon, R., F. A. Porreca, I. D. M. Fish, M. B. Romain.
Third Row:	T. C. H. Pratt, W. P. T. Pratt, A. M. Fuller, A. Mingo, G., F. A. Durazo, G., N. A. Dumont, E. A. Buschlen, M. Aguilar, S.
Second Row:	R. G. Tamblyn, M. G. Colbert, B. M. Koltz, D. A. David, C. G. Sherwood, R. H. Campeau, A. J. Clyde, K. C. Weichel.
Front Row:	A. J. C. Panneton, J. T. Nunn, B. S. Alper, J. D. Grenier, J. G. M. Assante, C. W. D. I. McCulloch, H. T. Bui, J. M. Cleary.

THIS YEAR IN THE WING

After eight years as the Housemaster in the Wing, Mr. Humphreys left us last fall because he had married during the summer. We were sorry to see him go as he had set a nice standard and given a good atmosphere in the Wing.

During the past year Mr. Humphreys was replaced by John Lytle who was attending his first year at Carleton. His rules were quite strict, and everybody moaned when he introduced his dreaded Detention Book. The book was dreaded for two reasons; first because of the punishments which were either to run laps in the gym, punch holes in $\frac{1}{4}$ inch graph paper, or write lines; secondly because of the time at which the detentions were served, which was at 6:30 in the morning. Fortunately, the book was stolen as a souvenir by one of a group of Young Canadians who spent the spring holidays living in our Wing.

However, I think all this was good for us, and the boys liked Mr. Lytle. We thank him for being our guide during the year.

Apart from this there were a few unpleasant happenings which are better forgotten.

For the first time this year Mr. Gray made up a Wing Hockey Team consisting of the boarders who had not made the first or second teams. We had a Mexican goalie who was quite good for his first time in the nets.

In general the year was quite good. Many thanks to all the teachers who took duty.

ALEXANDER PATERSON — 8A

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council under the chairmanship of A. M. S. Paterson met regularly during the year.

Suggestions for the better operation of school are presented by class representatives, and these proposals are then discussed by the Council as a whole. If a proposal has the support of the majority of the Council, the Chairman presents it to Mr. Sherwood for his consideration.

Some of the topics discussed and acted upon this year were: staggering the times of Choir practice, a one hour prep period before supper, the locking of classrooms, monitors elected rather than chosen, dances, butter at lunch, and so on.

Class representatives were: 8A — Paterson, Sellers; 8K — Gittens; 8L — Lahey, Wayand; 7A — Hunt, Wirth; 6 — Grainger; 5 — Habets.

J. S. C.



THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Back Row: K. N. J. Hunt, M. Wayand, A. M. Fuller, D. M. Alexander, C. H. Wirth.

Front Row: P. J. Lahey, A. M. S. Paterson, J. S. Crockett, Esq., A. W. G. Sellers, G. Gittens.

In Front: L. L. H. Habets, S. K. C. Grainger.



THE THIRD ANNUAL JUNIOR SCHOOL TALENT EXTRAVAGANZA

PRATT I
WATSON
WEBB
SHEARLY I

GRAINGER
DAVID
BINAVINCE
MOONJÉ

CAMPEAU

GITTENS
PHILLIPS
RENNIE
PANNETON
MILNE
DEVINE I
DURAZO

KOLTZ
MARSCHMEYER
PRATT I
BUSCHLEN

LATTA
KAYSER

PETRAKOS

SHEARLY II
BARON

WYSPIANSKI
EDDY
MCINTOSH
HABETS
SHEARLY I
SELLERS
WELCH

LAHEY
ASSALY
SOMERS

THE AUCTIONEER
THE PET SHOP

BEAUTIFUL MUSIC DESIGNED
TO BE PLAYED
ON THE PIPES

PETER PLUCK

BEAUTIFUL MUSIC DESIGNED
FOR THE ACCORDION

1. THE GERMAN CLOCK
2. BEHIND THE SCENE
3. TIDEY-HIDEY

TRAGIC GAME SHOW
HISTORY

THE EVENING NEWS

DIVINELY BEAUTIFUL MUSIC
FOR THE ACCORDION

A ROUGH DAY

"WHERE ARE THE PAPERS?"

THE GREAT ESCAPE

THE TALENT SHOW

This is the third year that a talent show has been organized by Mr. Polk, and it appears to have gained a firm place among the year's activities. About one quarter of the Junior School took part in the program, and if the increasing interest continues, we will have fewer boys in the audience than on the stage!

Our show this year took place in May and provided most enjoyable after school entertainment.

Pratt I started things off with a rousing auctioneer's chant and was able to sell a disreputable text book for about \$5.00.

Watson and Webb borrowed from Monte Python as a bemused customer bought a very dead parrot in a pet shop.

Grainger and Co. Presented a sparkling radio broadcast. Another broadcast, in a lighter vein, was given by Kayser and Latta. It was well done.

Gittens and Co. gave us three amusing skits with an emphasis on roughness which seemed particularly appealing to the audience.

Koltz and Co. presented a distorted and destructive parody of history which also seemed to excite the audience.

In a clever sketch Baron provided the hands for Shearly II's body, tooth paste and shaving cream missing their marks much to the delight of the audience.

Wyspianski and Co. offered a Nazi approach to a search for "The Papers". It was bathroom humour which gained a roar of approval.

The final sketch was well performed by Lahey, Assaly and Somers. The Great Escape from a concentration camp (a thinly veiled Ashbury) had hilarious moments.

As the program shows, we had musical interludes provided by Shearly I, Campeau and Petrakos. Their performances were fine and helped to round out an excellent afternoon's entertainment.

Mr. Sherwood awarded the prize for the best skit to the Grainger gang for their "Peter Pluck".



HOUSE COMPETITION

This year saw another great competition between the four houses of the Junior School. The competition was particularly satisfying when viewed through the eyes of a Hobbit, for the Hobbits managed another victory to match theirs of last year. Second and third places were very close with the golden Dragons nosing out the willing Wizards by a mere 30 points. The glorious Goblins very nearly took third spot, and some of the school's finest competitors were in this House. Really it was not until late in the season that the Hobbits could be seen as the probable winners.

Competition being of such importance in this life, it is undoubtedly healthy that boys enter the game early under friendly and controlled conditions. Nearly everything that a boy does at Ashbury can have an effect on his house and housemates, and there are very few who do not respond strongly.

Of the activities that generate house points the most visible are undoubtedly the games. Right from the start soccer occupies nearly every square foot of grass space in the fields with all teams in simultaneous action. You can spot the veterans in their faded kit, while the new boys in bright new house shirts, some gold (dragons), some green (Wizards), some scarlet (Hobbits), and others blue (Goblins), flash about looking for all the world as if they knew what they were doing. Very, very often this is the first experience that some of these youngsters have in team competition. They are learning a tremendous lesson, all the while enjoying themselves thoroughly.

Winter produces a great variety of sports activity, mainly centered on ice hockey. That's where the really serious contests take place. But for sheer speed and excitement, to say nothing of noise, floor hockey in the gym has a full appeal. Even the non-skaters operate at full throttle here, and it is just grand to see a complete duffer on ice deflect a flying puck into the net and dance away, practically overcome with the glory of his goal. About halfway through the winter the seniors switch to volleyball, a sport requiring an entirely different set of skills, and again the gym bursts with noise.

During the winter the ski weekends for boarders and the regular skiing of the day boys all pay off in our big Ski Day, usually held at Mont Cascades. School stops, the busses fill up, and every healthy boy heads for the slopes. If you don't ski you can certainly toboggan! The ski races are giant slalom, and some very fast times are turned in, but it is always a pleasant surprise to see one of our Latin American boys come tearing down the hill, doing just as well as his Canadian buddies.

'Play Ball!' is the call in the spring. At least three games are going simultaneously with the good, and the not-so-good players operating separately. The not-so-goods are just having fun. They are not actually competing for house points. The others certainly are! Softball is a fast game which requires lots of accuracy and quick thinking. The boys love it.

All this time, though, off the diamonds, sports other than softball are being practised by little groups. Track and Field day is coming, and the last house points of the year are at stake. This can be the single day that decides who wins the Pitfield Shield for the year. The boys have worked at all of the skills all spring, specializing in the ones of their choice: discus, softball throw, shot-put, long jump, high jump, and all the races up to and including the mile run. Double points are given for house relay races. It is quite a day! Every boy takes part. The magic of the day includes the terrific spirit with which each house supports its own athletes; the mysteries which include the number of misfires

of Mr. Sherwood's starting pistol, the regular intermittent whistling and "testing" of Mr. Beedell's public address system, the jumble of individual and house points that Mr. Polk manages to put together with complete coolness while sitting at a huge and crowded table in the blazing sun.

It is almost impossible to reconcile the sweat streaked heroes and the wildly yelling supporters of Sports Day with the neat rows of little green men in their number one dress all sitting in rows the next Saturday for the annual closing ceremonies. Boys can change moods with their clothing, but certainly the most popular clothing at Ashbury is sports gear.

Cheer up, you lads in your neat rows waiting for the speeches to finish, house soccer starts again in September.

G. W. B.

THE BLUE SEA TRIP

Every year Mr. Sherwood invites all the borders to his cottage at Blue Sea Lake. This is on the first weekend of the fall term and helps to get some of new boarders, who may be feeling a bit homesick, into the swing of Ashbury life.

Our trip this year was an enjoyable one. When we got there we had a delicious supper of spaghetti and a fine sauce cooked by the teachers. Right after supper the old boys rushed out to get pinecones and attacked the new boys with an ambush at the boat house.

On Saturday, after a terrific breakfast and lunch, Uncle Joe came over with his boat and a whole bunch of us went water skiing. James Cleary and Jamie Nunn gave us an excellent show by performing on one ski.

Alper, Tamblyn and Haslam sailed way out in a sailboat and then got calmed. Andrew Clyde paddled out to help, but when he reached the side of the boat he tipped over.

Later on we had an exciting game of Capture the Flag. Mr. Sherwood's team was the winner, but the next day Mr. Beedell's team won two games.

We give special thanks to Mr. Sherwood and all the teachers and their wives for a great weekend.

BARRY ALPER — 7A



The Mexican Connection

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Mole	Claude Panneton
Badger	Iain Fish
Rat	Toby Mensforth
Toad	Tim Webb
	(Front) Alex Nipperdey
Alfred	(rear) Michael Mitchell

WILD-WOODERS

Chief Weasel	Jon Eddy
Chief Ferret	Gordon Sellers
Chief Stoat	Martin Wayand

SUPPORTED BY

Barry Alper	Grant McIntosh
Paul Baron	Jeff Mierins
Eric Blaker	Sean Murray
Hung Bui	Neil Olsen
Kurt Carter	David Rennie
Nick Davies	Tim Shearly
Kevin Hunt	Chris Sherwood
Michael Kellerman	Kenneth Weichel
Peter Wyspianski	
Policeman	Francisco Durazo
Usher	Raymond Haslam
Judge	Wayne Pratt
Phoebe	Patrick Lahey
Aunt	Todd Sellers

Accompanist and Arranger

Kevin Reeves

Drums and Percussion

Steve Kirby

Sound-effects

Grant Phillips
Chris Shearly — (Lisgar)

Lighting and Stage Crew

Garth Gittens
Michael Bennet
Frank Porreca
Mike Romain
Gray Sutcliffe
John Shearly



HELLO, TOAD!

This year's play was very successful. I enjoyed it more than last year's. It was a cross between Toad of Toad Hall and Hello, Dolly!

Everyone in the cast, and it was a large one, had lots of fun, and even managed to remain cheerful during Saturday morning rehearsals.

The big night came! With teeth chattering and knees knocking we saw the curtains part. Everything went surprisingly well for a first performance. Mensforth was a superb Ratty, while Tim Webb led everything along as Toad.

A special paragraph should be set aside for the Wild-Wooders who were most convincingly frightening.

Not everybody can be mentioned in a short space, but all the cast are to be congratulated for providing two most enjoyable evenings for the students and parents of Ashbury and Elmwood.

TIM WEBB — 8A

Editor's note: Tim should receive a little more credit than he has given himself. He acted with charm and confidence, bringing Toad to life in what was really quite a difficult role. No wonder he enjoyed the play more than last year's!

HUMANE SOCIETY ESSAY CONTEST

Pictured above are the ashbury winners in the annual essay contest sponsored by the Humane Society.

The winners in Grade 5 were Nick Davies, Robbie Edmonds and Jamie Bociek. In Grade 6 Robert Latta and Todd Sellers won prizes.

Special awards are competed for by the Rockeliffe Park schools in Grade 7 (The Catherine Smith Trophy) and in Grade 8 (The D. P. Cruikshank Trophy). You will note both trophies in the picture. Kurt Carter won the Smith Trophy for us and James Knox was awarded the Cruikshank horse. This is the first year that Ashbury has won both these top awards. In Grade 7 Dean Campbell placed third in the Village, and in Grade 8 Andrew Johnston also placed third. Andrew is displaying the horse in the absence of James Knox.

WHY WE NEED THE HUMANE SOCIETY

A dog lies unconscious on a floor after being cruelly beaten by his master. Another dog walks without a master in the cold of the night. If this were to happen to a human there would be policemen and doctors to help him. For an animal there are few people to take the responsibility to help.

This is very unfortunate, because animals have taught men many things and showed them how to live in different conditions. There is a law against killing fellow men, but is there a law against the killing of animals? Man should not be the only one to have access to justice.

The Humane Society is one organization that attempts to carry out justice for those animals denied their rights by inconsiderate humans. This brings up a moral question. Why should humans go unpunished for their abuse of animals? Essential to man's survival is his respect for himself, for other humans, and for nature around him.

The purpose of the Human Society is to provide shelter and attention for those animals whose rights have been abused. It supports laws which assist the rights of animals and gives them protection. By teaching children to respect animals, the Society will perhaps give children a greater respect for their fellow men. If this is so, we might be able to cut down on violence in the world and create a more friendly atmosphere among people.



HAMLET

On April 13 right after lunch two of the Grade 8's and a Grade 7 class set out for the National Arts Center to watch a production of Shakespeare's "Hamlet".

The Humane Society does not only shelter and protect animals. It also will put old or hurt animals out of their misery. This is another way of being humane.

I am sure that if Jeremy Bentham, the first man to assert the rights of animals, was alive, he would be pleased with the progress of the Humane Society.

ANDREW JOHNSTON — 8A

THE GREAT DEBATE

This year Mr. Green arranged, for the first time, a debate between Ashbury and Elmwood. It was an interesting experience.

The three debaters from Ashbury were: Prime Minister, Tim Webb; Second Speaker, Jon Eddy; Summary Speaker, Andrew Johnston.

The resolution was "Resolved that passive Euthanasia in the 20th Century should be legalized."

Finally the day of judgement arrived. At 3:00 p.m. the debaters went over to Elmwood, followed by most of the Junior School. The argument was on!

All the speeches were good, but due to a mix-up by the Chairman, Gordon Sellers, the Elmwood team had not known the full resolution with the result that we were arguing on two different topics.

The debate ended with Elmwood, the Opposition, emerging victorious. I would like to thank everybody who participated and who helped organize the most pleasant meeting.

TIM WEBB — 8A

TIN WERR = 8A

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

One of our leading monitors, who shall remain nameless, incurred his first Saturday detention in May, 1976, after two years in the Junior School. In fact he was "awarded" two detentions, and possibly a third one.

Your help in selecting a new name for him is earnestly requested. Should it be SATURSON or PATERSDAY? (All selections to be sent to this nameless person care of the Post Office at T — under Bay).

THE PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION

This year's competition produced some brilliant speeches. All of them were obviously well planned and prepared.

From 8A we heard Peter Wyspianski who talked on U.F.O.'s, and how they might be recognised; and from Tim Webb who spoke on Independent Schools.

Frank Porreca from 8L gave us an excellent speech on Canada's Armed Forces. Also from 8L was Wayne Pratt who gave us the background to the art of Auctioneering.

7A found their topics in the marine world. Neil Olsen's speech was devoted to Whales, while Jeff Mierins regaled us with an account of Sharks.

Grade 7 provided only one contestant, "The Great One" Molozzi who produced a convincing account of Extra-Sensory Perception.

The three judges left Argyle for the seclusion of Mr. Sherwood's office and returned after five minutes with their decision. First was Tim Webb, Neil Olsen was second and Peter Wyspianski came third.

All of the class representatives did extremely well. I can only hope that we get the same measure of excellence next year.

TIM WEBB — 8A

POETRY READING CONTEST

The contest was held on June 9, the last day of examinations. The Junior School crowded into the gymnasium, and one by one the Form representatives delivered their chosen pieces. After this, the contestants were required to deliver Henry's rousing address to his soldiers on the eve of battle, "Once more unto the breach, dear friends . . ." This is from Shakespeare's Henry V, Scene I of Act III, and was a difficult choice for the boys to handle. Some stumbled a bit.

In reading their chosen poems the competitors reached a standard higher than I remember in recent years.

The contestants were:

From Grade 6 Latta and Binavince

7 Adams and Dumont
8L Pratt and Lahey
8K Panneton and Devine
8A Webb and Wyspianski

First place was awarded to Webb, who was followed by Dumont and Pratt.

D.L.P

A WEEKEND AT STOWE

We left Ashbury at 2:30 p.m. on the half-term weekend in February for a four-day skiing expedition. Our group was made up of three teachers and twelve very excited students. On the bus some of us read, talked quietly or played cards. When the lights of Stowe twinkled in the distance, the bus resounded with jokes and laughter.

About 7:30 p.m. we arrived at the Mountaineer Hotel in Stowe. We washed and dressed for dinner in order to present Ashbury at its best. After an evening of T.V. we fell into our beds, tired out from the day's occurrences. It seemed as though

we had slept only a few minutes when Mr. Sherwood, our walking, talking alarm clock for that morning, woke us up for breakfast.

We arrived at Mount Mansfield for our first day of skiing. The skiing was great. The hills were much longer and more challenging than the ones in the Ottawa-Hull area. The sky was overcast, but the weather was warm.

After a fantastic day of skiing we returned to the hotel. Some of us went swimming, others played pool or sat around the circular fireplace. After dinner we looked at Television. At ten o'clock all lights went out.

Early the next morning Mr. Beedell showed up as our alarm clock. Following fifteen minutes of groans and growls and we were seated at the breakfast table. The weather had turned colder and yesterday's wet snow had frozen. Still we had a great day of skiing.

The next day was much windier. Throughout the day I couldn't help thinking of the tortoise and the hare when watching Mr. Thomas and Mr. Beedell skiing together.

That afternoon we left Stowe for the second half of our skiing expedition. Our destination was L'Auberge des Gouverneurs in Quebec. When we arrived we found it to be much more modern than the Mountaineer Hotel, and, joy of all joys!, a MacDonald's was next door.

We woke up at 6:45 a.m. to a beautiful sunny day. By 9:30 we were on the slopes of Mount Orford. The morning skiing was icy but turned softer in the afternoon. Later that afternoon we began the long journey home.

After our arrival at Ashbury, for some reason the three teachers put us on a clean-up squad to tidy the van.

This year's annual skiing expedition was great fun and provided an exciting holiday. One of the reasons was the cooperative spirit of the boys and the kindness of the teachers, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Beedell and Mr. Thomas.

ALEXANDER WATSON-8A

ACTIVITIES

Activities was an innovation this year, replacing one of the five games periods during the week. It was designed to provide for the less sports minded boys a chance to pursue the hobby of their choice. The plan has worked well and I suspect will become a regular part of the school programme for years to come.

The choice was a wide one as the list suggests, and almost all boys were able to join the group of their first choice.

This year the activities available on Tuesday afternoons included:

Art with Ms. Harwood-Jones
Chess with Mr. Polk
Cross-country skiing and snow shoeing with Mr. Humphreys
Debating with Mr. Humphreys (in the spring term)
Gymnastics with Mr. Gray
Model making with Mr. Babbitt
Photography with Mr. Tottenham
Ping pong with Mr. Crockett
Reading with Mrs. Babbitt
Stamps and coins with Mr. Humphreys (in the fall term)
Swimming with Mr. Beedell.

TIMOTHY SHEARLY —8A

CHESS

The 17th Annual Ashbury College Junior School Chess Tournament attracted a record number of competitors. 133 boys entered; only 10 from the whole Junior School did not participate.

With sympathy in our hearts for the poor typesetters of Runge Press, we have decided this year to present only the results from the quarter finals to the winners of each Form. Here they are:

8A			8K		
Eddy	Eddy		Woods		
Paterson		Smith	Mingo	Woods	
Smith			Gittens		Woods
Welch	Smith		Durazo	Durazo	
8L			7A		
Shewchuk			Froese		
Hooper	Hooper		Hunt	Froese	
Wayand		Haslam	Wirth		Froese
Haslam	Haslam		Alper	Alper	
7			6		
Clyde	Clyde		Bock		
Marcus		Clyde	Hooper	Hooper	
Murray			Kayser		Hooper
Willis	Willis		Shewchuk	Kayser	
5			Finals		
Morton	Habets		8K	8A	8L
Habets		Habets	8L	8L	7A D. Froese
Hunter	Llambi		7A	7A	
Llambi			7		
			6	7A	The Winner
			5	6	



THE CHOIR

- Back Row: D. P. Rennie, M. G. Colbert, T. C. H. Pratt, S. K. Lavery, N. A. Dumont, A. Devine, P. A. Wyspianski, K. M. Carter, R. G. Tamblyn
- Middle Row: R. B. Haslam, J. A. Shearly, A. J. C. Panneton, A. W. G. Setters, Rev. E. E. Green, A. C. Thomas, Esq., T. N. Shearly, B. M. Koltz, T. R. Webb.
- Front Row: C. P. Willis, S. J. Shipman, J. G. M. Assante, G. J. Sarvaas, J. M. Daniels, I. Burns, R. H. Edmonds, J. M. Cleary, H. T. Bui,
- Absent: T. T. Mensforth, A. D. R. Somers, K. C. Weichel.

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G



The Woods
Shield for
all-round
contribution
in the Junior School
presented to Alexander
Paterson



Tim Webb receives
the form prize from
Mrs. Stanfield.

Junior School Sports



1ST SOCCER

Back Row: J. S. Crockett, Esq., S. A. Fuzi, P. Vasquez, B., S. J. Kirby, J. T. Hooper, M. J. H. Nesbitt, A. Salomon, R., B. A. Stants.
Front Row: G. W. Phillips, F. Durazo, G., G. W. Gittens, F. A. Porreca, A. M. S. Paterson, P. J. Lahey, T. N. Shearly.

FIRST SOCCER

Our season started slowly with a loss to Crescent, 2-1, in what was a new fixture for us. Our next game produced a one-all tie with the Selwyn House under-15 team. Then we caught our stride and won our next three games comfortably. We played fifteen games during the season winning ten, tying two and losing three. The climax of this successful season was a great trip to Toronto, Lakefield and Port Hope. By the end of the season we had a record of 50 goals for and 19 against.

In the Ottawa Public Schools 7-a-side competition we won our section but were beaten in the 3 team round-robin playoff.

Our most satisfying wins were probably those against the Senior School 2nd

XI. We won our first game 4-3 after being down 0-3, and the second game by a score of 4-0.

Frank Porreca was a safe goalkeeper and inspired the team with his saves. At half-back Steve Kirby was always in the right place at the right time. The "Mexican Connection" played in all games and confused the opposition with their Spanish instructions — in fact the whole team was becoming quite fluent in the language by the end of October.

Winning teams enjoy their games, and this was the case with us. A good season and a lot of fun.

Our thanks to our coach, Mr. S. Crockett who, when he spoke English, was a big help and source of encouragement.

ALEXANDER PATERSON — 8A



2ND SOCCER

Back Row: R. I. Gray, Esq., K. M. Carter, S. P. Murray, R. B. Konrad, K. C. Weichel, A. D. R. Somers, A. J. C. Panneton.
Front Row: D. R. Gamble, J. M. Daniels, R. G. Parks, M. Aguilar, S., C. L. Habets, Capt., A. W. G. Sellers, C. G. Sherwood.

SECOND SOCCER

This year's Second Soccer Team had high hopes of winning the first few games easily, but were proven wrong when we lost our first game to Crescent, 6-3.

Undaunted by this poor start we went on to smother Sedbergh by the comfortable score of 7-2.

On our first soccer trip to Stanstead, just outside Montreal, we beat their pick-up team 5-2 on a very wet, puddly day.

Next was Sedberg again. We beat them on their sloped and bumpy field, 3-0.

On our second trip to Montreal we played Selwyn House School, and to our surprise, blanked them 6-0.

Back on home grounds we rallied with Lakefield, but finally had to call it a draw at 2 points each.

Selwyn House, bitter about their great loss, played excellently and finally tied us 2-2.

Our last game at home was with our old rival Appleby, and they unmistakably beat us 5-0.

Finally we embarked on our annual western tour. We first played Crescent who had formerly beaten us by three points. This time they beat us by five. In Lakefield for our second game, we were sure of victory in this fast paced game,

but we had to accept equal shares for the second time in a 1-1 situation. Last, but not least by a long shot, was Trinity College School, in whose game I thought the refereeing was not entirely adequate. Nevertheless they whipped us 5-0, and it was a very quick-moving game with lots of excitement.

I must interrupt this account to thank Mr. Johnston immensely for his superb hospitality while we were staying at the beautiful 401 Inn. I am sure that every one on the teams enjoyed his stay.

I must also thank our coach Mr. Gray for his excellent training and enthusiastic coaching.

Our leading scorer was Ronny Habets with 12 goals.

Won	Lost	Tied
4	4	3

KURT CARTER — 7A





3A SOCCER

Back Row: J. H. Humphreys, Esq., S. K. Lavery, M. B. Romain, J. H. Knox, D. M. Alexander, J. M. Eddy, J. B. Marschmeyer, J. B. Woods.
Front Row: A. Devine, R. B. Haslam, K. M. Smith, D. J. Comerford, Capt., D. P. Rennie, M. G. Colbert, M. S. Freeth.

3A SOCCER

This year's soccer season went well with the warm weather lasting late into the fall, and the 3rd Soccer Team winning a majority of its games. We owe most of this to our strong spirit and discipline which our coach, Mr. Humphreys drilled into us. Whether we won or lost didn't matter too much, but we certainly enjoyed winning.

We don't attribute all of our winning to spirit alone. Our halfback line of Alexander Freeth and myself was very worthy of mention for setting up our top scorers, Knox, Comerford and Haslam, for a good number of goals.

The following is a record of the games played:

Sedbergh	3-1	Loss	Home
Lakefield	7-0	Win	Home
Sedbergh	5-4	Win	Away
Appleby	2-0	Win	Home
Sedbergh	4-0	Win	Away
Crescent	4-2	Loss	Away
Lakefield	7-2	Win	Away
T. C. S.	3-2	Win	Away

JON EDDY — 8A

FOURTH SOCCER

The first game for Mr. Tottenham's team was promising. It was played at Sedbergh and went in our favour. This

was followed by an exciting game with Lakefield who scored first, but in the second half we came on strong, and finally Kayser scored for us to tie the game.

After a long trip to Toronto we played Crescent. Our competition was tough, but Mooné and Kayser each put the ball in the net to win the game for us 2-1. As always it rained at Lakefield and the fields were pretty muddy. Still we enjoyed an easy victory, 3-0. Our scorers were Llambi, Coffin and Kayser.

All in all it was a very good year. On behalf of the whole team I would like to thank Mr. Tottenham for his enthusiasm and coaching.

TOD SELLERS — 6

3-B SOCCER TEAM

The 3B team was formed as an auxiliary 3rd team to replace the regular 3rd team. Although the season for us was short, I am sure that all the players enjoyed the chance to play on a team for Ashbury. We played the 3A team in our practice sessions, and during our season we played five games against outside opposition, winning three of the games. Evidently some good soccer was played. I think that everything that was expected was accomplished.

Successful coaching by Mr. Humphreys inspired us all in our playing.

JOHN KIRKWOOD — 8A



3B SOCCER

Back Row: J. H. Humphreys, Esq., G. A. C. Milne, J. M. Draper, G. P. Petrakos, R. A. Beamish, A. J. Clyde, G. F. McIntosh, J. A. Ross.
Front Row: M. Wayand, R. H. Peppler, E. A. Buschlen, J. R. W. Kirkwood, Capt., B. S. Alper, J. T. Nunn, T. R. Webb.
In Front: H. Bui, R. G. Tamblyn.

COMERFORD QUOTES

(being a small selection from his many spontaneous quips)

"Did you hear about the fire at Rockcliffe Base? The flames were shooting fifty feet into the air! Real cool!"

"When I grow up . . ."

One day the whole Junior School was very noisy at line-up. As a result they were told to report to Argyle after school to stand in silence for a half-hour. A staff member, observing Dave standing quietly alone and at attention in Argyle before the appointed time, asked him what he was doing.

"I'm practising, sir."



4th SOCCER

Back Row: M. Kellerman, M. A. Binavince, T. G. Sellers, D. A. David, L. Habets, H. T. Cogan, A. C. C. Nipperdey, P. J. Cardinal, T. C. Tottenham, Esq.
Front Row: S. K. Grainger, A. M. Morton, O. A. Afolabi, M. F. Blair, T. J. Shewchuk, D. D. Moonjé, B. E. Llambi, A. S. Hunter, J. D. Grenier.

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photo by J.S.C.



Ist HOCKEY

Back Row: R. G. Parks, B. A. Stants, J. J. Hooper, M. J. H. Nesbitt, I. D. M. Fish, G. W. Phillips, P. J. Lahey.
 Front Row: D. J. Comerford, A. M. S. Paterson, G. W. Gittens, D. A. David, K. M. Smith. Absent: M. H. E. Sherwood, Esq., S. J. Kirby.

FIRST HOCKEY

We played fifteen games, winning eight, tying one, and losing six. This does not include our Amherst games.

This year we had some outstanding players like Dave Comerford. Dave is by no means the biggest player, but by all means one of the best. Dave won the First Team Hockey Award this year.

Danny David is one of the more aggressive players on the team. He received 47 minutes in penalties. He is the comedian of the team. Win or lose, Danny always made the team laugh.

These are two of the outstanding players, and there are many more.

I wish on behalf of the team to thank Mr. SHERWOOD for his great encouragement and coaching which he gave us throughout the season.

vs. Bishops won 4-0
 vs. Bishops won 9-0

vs. Kingston won 5-3
 vs. Kingston lost 5-2

vs. Stanstead lost 6-4
 vs. L.C.C. won 3-2
 vs. Kingston lost 1-3
 vs. Kingston lost 7-5

vs. Appleby tied 3-3
 vs. Appleby lost 5-2
 vs. L.C.C. won 2-0
 vs. Selwyn won 4-3

In the Public School Tournament we won two and lost one.

GARTH GITTENS — 8K

THE KINGSTON TRIP

This year our First and Second Hockey teams returned to Kingston to take part in a tournament. Each team played three games.

Our First Team won one and lost two. This was not too bad a result as our opponents were giants. Actually we went into the final game tied one all, and this third game was very exciting and could have gone either way. Steve Kirby was outstanding in

goal, stopping a penalty shot which kept our spirits up. However we finally lost by a score of 4-2.

The Second Team did not have the same success, coming home with three straight losses. Perhaps our spirits were broken after the first game which we lost 6-5 after leading by five goals half way through the second period. The other scores were 2-4 and 2-6.

When we were in Kingston we stayed at the 401 Inn, owned by Mr. Johnston. He provided our rooms (the best accommodation) and fine meals all for nothing. The climax of our stay was a banquet attended by all four hockey teams.

Mr. Johnston had been our host on the previous year, and we certainly thank him very much indeed for all his courtesies this year.

I hope that we will be able to make the trip again next year.

BRIAN STANTS — 7

THE AMHERST VISIT

This year Amherst brought 4 hockey teams to play two games each. Three of their teams played against the Junior School.

Unfortunately our First Team was outplayed, and as a result lost 11-2 in the first game, and 6-0 in the second.

Our 13 and under team fared a little better. They started out on the right foot, winning 6-3; but finished on the wrong, losing 3-2.

Ashbury's heroes of the tournament were our 11 and under team. They won both of their games 9-2 and 10-4.

The tournament was fun for all people involved, and we are looking forward to next year when we will go south of the border to visit Amherst.

GORDON SELLERS — 8A



2nd HOCKEY

Back Row: R. I. Gray, Esq., W. A. Coffin, R. H. Peppler, C. G. Sherwood, D. M. Alexander, S. P. Murray.
Front Row: D. R. Gamble, M. A. Binavince, S. K. C. Grainger, M. S. Freeth, J. T. Nunn.
Absent: T. T. Mensforth, Capt., C. L. Habets, G. P. Petrakos, S. A. Fuzi.

SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

The Second Hockey Team may not have had a good season but we did have a lot of fun. We won four games, tied one, and lost five. Our goal tending was good, but not quite productive enough. Our defence — well, what can I say? But together we formed a team that was — well, the records prove what we were.

On behalf of all members of the Second Team, I would like to thank Mr. Gray for the coaching he gave us, and the weekends he gave us.

TOBY MENSFORTH — 8L



3rd HOCKEY

Back Row: J. S. Crockett, Esq., R. G. Latta, J. C. Hooper, R. H. Edmonds, P. J. Cardinal, A. S. Hunter, M. F. Blair, T. J. Shewchuk, J. D. Grenier.
 Front Row: H. T. Cogan, D. M. Horwood, S. K. C. Grainger, Capt., D. R. Gamble, D. D. Moonjé, M. A. Binavince, T. G. Sellers.
 Absent: L. L. Habets.

THIRD HOCKEY TEAM

Mr. Crockett's Third Hockey Team had a very successful season. The team was extremely strong, and every one tried his hardest. At the end of the season our score sheet was practically unblemished.

On behalf of all the team I would like to thank Mr. Crockett for his excellent coaching and support.

vs. Sedbergh — Lost 2-1
 vs. Appleby — Won 7-3
 vs. Appleby — Won 5-4
 vs. Amherst — Won 10-4
 vs. Amherst — Won 9-2
 vs. Sedbergh — Won 3-1

TODD SELLERS — 6

TWELVE & UNDER HOCKEY TEAM

This year's team was very good. We had one disappointment, however, and this was when our trip to Winnipeg was cancelled because an insufficient number of schools had joined the tournament.

Our two top scorers were Brian Stants and Stuart Grainger. The two with the most penalty minutes were Billy Coffin and Danny David. David Comerford was the player who won the trophy for Hockey.

Games and scores:	vs. Bishop's	won 8-5
	vs. Bishop's	won 9-3
	vs. Stanstead	won 6-3
	vs. Selwyn House	lost 5-4
	vs. L. C. C.	lost 6-4
	vs. Bishop's	lost 8-5

The last three games were tournament games.

BRIAN STANTS — 7

THE APPLEBY TRIP

It was February 6, 1976. A cheerful crowd set out from Ashbury to make the long trip to Appleby. No sooner had we arrived than we were hustled into our uniforms and got onto the ice to play our host school. We tied them 3-3. Steven Kirby played half the game as goalie, and then was relieved by Garth Gittens who had a shut out.

After the game we were taken to our billets. These were in the homes of parents of Appleby boys.

The next morning we were on the ice again by 8:30. We were very excited and determined to win this one. We had a bad game and lost 4-2. After the game we went for a swim in the Appleby pool while the other games were going on.

That afternoon we got on the bus and started home. We will have to wait for next year to win the tournament.

DAVID COMERFORD — 8K

P.S. On behalf of the team we would like to thank Mr. SHERWOOD for coaching our team.

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING RESULTS

During the year the boys have what might be termed a mixed reaction when games activities for the afternoon are announced as cross country running. However on the final run, the climax to the year, with house points and records being considered, enthusiasm and excitement does run high. The date this year was April 23rd and it was a bad day for running. Many of the boys had posted better times during the year, but despite this, records in three age groups were achieved. The ages are taken as of the date of the race.

14 Years

Durazo	16.11
Nesbitt	16.21
Paterson	18.30

13 Years

Comerford	16.08
Shearly I	18.43
Murray	19.09

12 Years

Alexander	16.06(Record)
Kennedy	17.12
Coffin	18.13

11 Years

Hunter	17.16(Record)
Binavincee	17.56
Moonjé	18.05

10 & Under

Habets III	19.18 (Record)
Morton	19.55
Latta	21.50

In addition to the above, there were a number of boys who performed with great credit. The list was reduced to five — because of financial limitations! They are Ken Ainslie, David Kennedy, Bobby Campeau, Alex Nipperdey and Sandy Morton.

Mike Nesbitt received the J.S.C. Award.

WELL DONE, ALL!

J.S.C.

SKI DAY '76

This year's annual Ski Day was held in ideal conditions at Mount Cascades. The events that took place were cross-country skiing, downhill skiing, hot-dogging (trick skiing), and tobogganing.

The racing was a House competition, each House requiring at least six competitors for both senior and junior races. Here are the results:

Junior		Total		Senior		Total	
Position	House	Minutes		Position	House	Minutes	
1.	Wizards	3.17		1.	Hobbits	2.54	
2.	Dragons	3.39		2.	Wizards	3.15	
3.	Hobbits	3.42		3.	Dragons	3.27	

The individual junior champion was John Shearly (37.7 sec.), and in the senior division his brother Tim was the winner (35.0 sec.).

TIM SHEARLY — 8A

CROSS-COUNTRY AT SEDBERGH

This first meeting of what is hoped will develop into an annual event was held at Sedbergh School in sunny weather, May 18, over a 2.5 kilometre course. Its main features were the hills, and in the middle stages, MUD.

Ashbury teams finished 2nd, 3rd, and 7th in the 7-team race, and everyone performed creditably in what was a true "cross country" cross-country. Duncan Alexander, David Kennedy and David Comerford deserve special mention for their high placings.

INDIVIDUAL POSITIONS

Team A (3rd)	
Comerford	5th
Alexander	2nd
Salomon	35th
Durazo	36th
Vasquez	17th
Peppler	12th

Team B (2nd)	
Phillips	19th
Kennedy	3rd
Chander	18th
Freeth	11th
David	23rd
Buschlen	27th

Team C (7th)	
Hunter	20th
Aguilar	23rd
Draper	24th
Nunn	41st
Weichel	40th
Grenier	37th

WELL DONE, ALL!

J.S.C.



SOFTBALL

Our softball season this year was almost one month late in starting due to weather.

Fortunately, the 1st Team did play the annual home and home series with L.C.C. The away game was highlighted by our errors! L.C.C. won in convincing fashion. The return match, on our grounds, was very exciting, the outcome not being decided until the last man grounded out in the bottom of the ninth. Score: Ashbury 13 — L.C.C. 14.

The team also played two games against "The grade 9 Pick-ups". In each case the final inning brought a one run victory for the older boys. It's, as they say, how the ball bounces.

The starting line-up was: Habets, pitcher; Porreca, catcher; Haslam & Smith, first; Fish, second; Paterson, shortstop; Parks, third; Somers, left field; Comerford, center field; Konrad, right field.

It was difficult for the 2nd Team to find opposition with the public schools who did not start softball until late in May; track & field was their sports activity in the early spring. The team did play a pick-up Rockcliffe team (we won), and Manor Park (we lost). Both games were close.

The team was: Gamble & Grainger, pitcher; Shewchuk, catcher; David, first; Cardinal, second; Binavincee, shortstop; Kayser, third; Sellers, left field; Moonjé, center field; Grenier, right field. Habets, Hooper and Blair also saw action.



SPORTS DAY

June 10 was one of the most beautiful spring days to grace our final term. On this date we held the annual Track Meet. There is full participation for this Meet as each boy must put his name down for at least three events. The maximum is five, not counting the relays. The program is a full one, but thanks to the good organization of Mr. Gray all went smoothly. Mr. Guy Morton, an Ashbury parent of some years standing and a fine athlete in his own right, presented the ribbons to the winners. Here are the results:

EVENT	MIDGET	JUNIOR	SENIOR
100 Metre	1. Grainger 2. Kayser 3. Hunter	Peppler Cardinal Freeth	Woods Shearly Paterson
200 Metre	1. Kayser 2. Grainger 3. Moonjé	Cardinal Peppler Gamble	Gittens Salomon Woods
400 Metre	1. Kayser 2. Hunter 3. Moonjé	Peppler Eddy David	Gittens Salomon Vasquez
800 Metre	1. Kayser 2. Binavince 3. Assante	Alexander Comerford Peppler	Vasquez Molozzi Durazo
Open Mile	1. 2. 3.		Phillips Alexander Nesbitt
High Jump	1. Sellers 2. Moonjé 3. Sarvaas	Eddy Devine Alexander	Vasquez Nesbitt Gittens
Long Jump	1. Grainger 2. Morton 3. Binavince	Froese Peppler Eddy	Vasquez Shearly Gittens
Softball Throw	1. Kayser 2. Habets 3. Hunter	Alexander Weichel Lavery	Salomon Konrad Porreca
Discus	1. 2. 3.		Woods Konrad McIntosh
4 × 100 Relay	1. 2. 3.	Dragons Hobbits Wizards	Dragons Goblins Hobbits
4 × 200 Relay	1. 2. 3.		Goblins Dragons Hobbits

Final House standings were: 1st — Dragons; 2nd — Goblins; 3rd — Hobbits; 4th — Wizards.

Individual winners were: Midget — Kayser; Junior — Peppler; and Senior — Gittens.





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Literary Section

WHY INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS?

In Canada there are 26 independent schools, stretching from Nova Scotia to Vancouver Island, with an enrolment of approximately 10,000 students. These schools are expensive — some critics say elitist — yet nearly all of them are experiencing a new surge of public interest — why?

The new wave of interest in independent schools is triggered mainly by parental concern over the type and quality of public education. Whilst the cost of public schooling has risen drastically, the end results are giving concern. Students are graduating from high schools after 12 or 13 years of education yet many are barely literate and uncertain of their future. In addition the universities are perturbed by the low standards of basic skills, writing and mathematical, of the new students. Many of them are having to give a preliminary year to bring the students to a sufficiently good level to begin their degree courses.

I have mentioned expense — just how expensive is an independent school and what do you get for your money? Looking at Ashbury as a good average the cost of maintaining a day boy for the full 9 years is a little over \$20,000; for a boarder this 9 year period will cost nearly \$38,000. To this must be added all the extras, uniform, sports equipment, books, etc. which will increase the bill considerably.

Now — what makes a parent decide to invest such a considerable sum on his child's education? He considers it just that, an investment. He could leave his child this sum and with compound interest it would increase considerably, but the son or daughter could squander it. Even to a businessman the earning potential a good education will bring far exceeds the capital investment. Most parents feel it worth the sacrifice — a student's education is a one time thing, no going back for a second chance at it. It is curious to reflect that the average

cost of keeping a child for a year in the public school system is very close to that of the non profit making independent school. One wonders how the independent school is able to give so much more for the same outlay.

Many of these schools were begun in the British tradition. Over the years they have followed the motto of 'adopt, adapt and improve'. The swiftly changing pace of the 20th century has led to enormous revision of course matter and social attitudes, but the basic combination remains the same, high academic standards, a comprehensive sports programme and individual attention to each student.

The strength of the independent schools lies in their staff. They teach because they know the smaller classes and better discipline give the right atmosphere for successful teaching. The extra time they spend setting and marking work, reading and commenting on lengthy projects all encourage the student to achieve. Their personal and perceptive comments on term reports contrast sharply with the standard computer print-out the average high school now gives as a report. Many of these teachers have abandoned promising careers in public schooling and have in fact reduced their financial outlook; certainly no teacher in his right mind teaches at an independent school for the money — he teaches there because he *likes* it. Considering all this he remains remarkably cheerful and always professional. When did you last read of independent school teachers going on strike!

What sort of students attend independent schools? We are variously classed as whiz-kids, jocks, spoiled little rich brats and problem children! These attitudes are a bit like the front page of Pravda — they do contain a grain of truth but they are exaggerated out of proportion. Some boys do come for the higher academic standards, some for the excellent sports programme, some because of special home circumstances, and of

course it's true that some are there because their parents are able to afford the best educational opportunity that money can buy.

To the average student there are advantages and drawbacks in the independent school. On the plus side he knows he must work hard but he is stimulated by good results. It is a very competitive system which challenges a boy to achieve. When he leaves school he has to go into a very competitive world. The schooling is to help him prepare for this, teaching him to develop his own potential from within. The bright student is given the opportunity to work in enriched groups and there is no negative peer pressure. On the sports field much more is taught than physical skills. A sense of fair play, team effort and pushing to his own physical limits all help character development.

There are a few disadvantages too. The uniform so proudly worn on the first day in Junior School becomes a pain by the time the student is in his teens. Watch the 14 year old leave school in the afternoon and he will either have left his uniform in his locker or have heavily disguised himself for the trip home! One sad thing in many independent schools is the lack of the opposite sex. Of course they *do* present a distraction — but go ahead — distract us!

In conclusion I must admit that this has been an oversimplification. Obviously not all public schools are poor, not all independent schools are perfect but to me one thing is clear, the student at the independent school has the cards stacked in his or her favour. If he doesn't make a success of his time there, it is *he* that has failed, not the school.

I would add just one note. The Old Boys of the independent schools have made great contributions both in time and generous donations to help keep their schools going. The present school body realize and appreciate their efforts. Please keep up the good work!

TIM WEBB — 8A

THE ADVENTURES OF TERRY AND SNAP

INTRODUCTION

With Snap at his heels, Terry reached the brow of the hill. Suddenly Snap stopped dead and pointed down the gully. Then down the slope, through the bushes he bolted. What had he seen? From the hilltop Terry noticed a cloud of dust rising from below. He ran quickly down the path after the dog. Half hidden in a hole in the ground, Snap was frantically kicking out the soft earth with his hind legs; every now and then Terry could hear excited yelps breaking through the cloud of dust.

II

Terry watched stunned. Snap was usually a quiet dog who showed little emotion, but now he was digging ferociously. First dry dust was sprayed in Terry's face, then sticks and stones, then soil . . . mud . . . finally water. At this point Snap stopped digging. Terry pulled Snap out of the hole which was very deep. Without thinking, Terry jumped down into the hole, followed immediately by Snap who started his furious digging again. The digging continued for some moments, when suddenly the floor started to give way. It crumbled, and then it crumbled again, and again. It gave way completely and Terry and Snap started falling . . . falling . . . falling. On the way down Terry hit his head on a rock which was sticking out from the side of the tunnel, and he remembered nothing of the rest of the fall.

III

When Terry woke up he found that the fall had ended and he was lying on the floor of a fairly large cave. The walls, the ceiling and the floor all seemed to be formed from something like diamonds, but it was too soft to be real diamonds. When he staggered to his feet he hit something which appeared to be glass. Terry kicked at it, but all that happened was that he hurt his foot. Next he saw a sign which said "ALIEN CREATURE", but of course he couldn't read it. He looked around and noticed an unusually shaped person who looked like an alien. The creature walked up to the glass box, looked at Terry, looked again, then he flipped over the sign, which now

said "SLEEPING ALIEN CREATURE". Terry glanced behind him and saw an odd-looking dog. Something familiar about the dog struck Terry, and then he realised that it was Snap. Snap stared at him coldly, then said in a mighty voice, "Put him away until the Trial!" Terry lost consciousness again.

IV

When Terry woke up he was at first confused by his surroundings, but in a moment he remembered every detail of what had taken place. He found that he was now in a cell, with a guard who told him that his trial would take place in fifteen minutes. Terry, who gave up easily, just lay back and moaned. A gong bonged which meant that it was time for the trial. Terry was dragged away. It was a weird sort of trial because there were fifteen lawyers giving evidence against Terry, and the lawyers also made up the jury. The judge was Snap. The gong bonged again which meant that the judge had reached his verdict. "YOU WILL BE MY PET FOR LIFE!" Terry is now being pulled around on a leash and being fed Alpo (the one with those big meaty chunks). And if you don't believe this story, you can go and see for yourself.

MARK BINAVINCE — 6

A POEM THAT RHYMES BUT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE

They sat stunned on the pavement of Market Street. Selling pepper, snuff boxes and shoes.

Also sixteen ounce cans of fermenting leaves

And the ears of one hundred ton gnus.

They sat stunned on the pavement of Market Street,

Dressed up in pale blues and bright reds, They were chewing their toenails as fast as they could.

And trying to stand on their heads.

They sat stunned on the pavement of Market Street,

Their noses as green as a lime,

If you've read this poem as far as this point,

Stop, 'cause you're wasting your time.

MARK BINAVINCE — 6

IF WINTER COMES . . .

I peer out of my window into the cold winter night. The only sound is the creaking of elm trees. Snow flakes as light as dust specks fall softly and thickly. The spotlight lighting an oak tree is covered with a film of snow and its usually clear beams have changed to a dull yellow glow. Branches sway ever so slightly in the soft breeze. Huge snow-drifts, crafted by nature's gentle hands are scattered throughout the yard.

The boughs of pine trees are thickly covered with billions of snowflakes weighing heavily on the soft, green needles. Overhead a black coating of clouds blocks out the moon and stars.

Between the cracks and notches of the elms and maples are thin columns of fluffy snow. From the rafters of the house hang pin-pointed icicles dripping silent drops of water.

Around the bases of the trees are whirlpool-like formations of snow. Still the snow falls, forming a moving wall of cotton-like flakes. The trees resemble giant, dark celery stalks in a farmer's field, with the little trees around them looking like sprouts.

Gradually dawn creeps across the sky showing puffs of smoke drawing away from the houses across the lake. The snow ceases altogether. The sun's first rays reach through the trees and shine into my room. I can tell today will be cloudless and I feel a hint of spring in the air.

ALEXANDER WATSON — 8A



ASSASSINATION

The man coughed in the dim, smoky air of the Bear Paw Inn. He was sitting by the wooden bar on a tall stool. His glass was a quarter full. He glanced at the bubbled beer streaks on the inside of the glass. He pushed it away from him and abruptly walked out of the pub. When he reached the road he turned right and entered a hotel.

He unlocked the door of his room and slipped in. On the bed was a new Italian Jackdaw Special. The man knew this was the best model for sniping. The sniper picked up the gun and left the room, hiding the gun in front of him.

Not far down the street was a hospital. He slipped into the infirmary where a nurse was sitting, reading a magazine. The sniper crept up behind her, lifted the butt of the rifle and crashed it down. She fell limp, and the man grinned weakly.

After searching for a few minutes, he found some crutches in a small closet. He took them. He found some surgical wrapping bandage. He disassembled the gun, then opened the door to the under sink cupboard. He took a hacksaw blade from his pant linings and in a few moments he had cut out the drainage pipe. He fitted most of the disassembled gun into the pipe, arranging the more bulky bits in the lining of his jacket.

After cutting off the end of one crutch, the man fitted it into the drainage pipe. Finally he wrapped the surgical bandage around the pipe and base of the crutch, then around the base of the other crutch.

The man walked through the gates of the park where President Michaels was going to make a speech. There was a huge crowd which was blocked from moving forward by wires and other obstacles. The sniper lunged forward on crutches towards a hotel.

He climbed the stairs and entered a room near the top floor. He ripped apart the crutch and assembled the gun. He opened the window and spread the curtains a crack. He pulled a chair up to the window, pulled out some mercury tipped bullets, and laid them on the floor. He took one, opened the breech with the bolt and carefully placed a bullet in; he then closed the breech with the bolt.

He heard the crowd give a roar, gazed down and saw the black limousine pull up. The President got out of the car and raised his hand for silence. The roar of the crowd lessened to a rumble, and he started to speak.

The sniper focused the gun sights on the head of the President. The cross was directly in line with the point between ears and eyes. He eased the trigger. There was a loud crack, and the President crumpled and fell, his head leaking blood from the small hole. The crowd screamed and ran towards the corpse.

The sniper dropped the gun and looked out the window. Tears welled up in his eyes uncontrollably.

He clapped his hands over his head and jumped through the window. He screamed as he spiraled downward towards the hard pavement. His body bounced and then lay still.

ANDY SOMERS — 8L

SADNESS

It was springtime. In the school yard some of the children were playing dodgeball, while others amused themselves with tag and hide-and-go-seek. One small boy did not join in the fun. Recess and lunch had become the most dismal times of the day for him.

A few days before he had been wrongly accused of "telling on" another boy. This boy was big and had punched him and squeezed his throat until he chocked. After that everyone left him alone.

At playtime he would climb the hill behind the school and lean against the wire fence longing for someone to speak to him or ask him to play. When nobody was around and the loneliness became too much to bear, he would cry bitterly and wish that his mother were there. Sometimes he would sit in his secret place behind a rock and think lonely thoughts.

In the mornings he would come to school by car and say good-bye to his mother. When she drove down the street he would stand and stare at the departing car. Choking back his tears, he then would turn and enter the school building.

Finally the loneliness forced him to go to another school. He wondered if he was headed for a happy experience or whether he would meet the same treatment again.

ANDREW JOHNSTON — 8A

TRAGEDY AT SEA

A Frog and a Chimp set out to sea:
The Frog looked to windward, the
Chimp to the lee.
They both spotted land, and there rose
such a fight,
That the ship split in half, leaving them
to a pike.

BOB LATTA — 6

THE LAST RUN

The faint light of the moon bathed him as he climbed into the engine. He was George S. Windsor, aged 57, and he ran the C.P. express between Calgary and Vancouver. He was preparing to make his last run. His family was comfortably settled in the first car in celebration of this final trip.

At eleven o'clock the train emerged from the station. The signal light was green and the train started its run. By midnight the train had reached the Rocky Mountains, travelling at a speed of sixty miles per hour. An hour later George began the descent of a gentle slope which ended in a hair-pin curve. He applied sand to the tracks. The speed of the train increased. He put the throttle down to zero. The speed of the train increased further. Frantically, George applied the brakes, full strength. The speed of the train still increased.

George realized that the train would go off the cliff if he could not reduce speed. At this moment he remembered the hand brakes in each car. Dashing into the front car he turned and turned the handle, but nothing happened. He screamed out in anguish, realizing that he had forgotten to check the brakes before departure.

Thoughts of his family flashed through his mind as he ran back to the engine. The turn was just ahead. He flung open the door and jumped to safety in the fresh sparkling snow. Horrified, he looked up to see the train crashing over the cliff.

He walked slowly to the cliff's edge with the thought, "It's all your fault" pounding over and over in his brain. George stood there looking down at the yawning, snow-covered canyon. He stood there for a long moment, and then he too was gone.

CHRIS WIRTH — 7A

A GHOST AT ASHBURY

If you sometimes feel a draught when you are walking in halls; if you hear a faint noise in the dining room which does not sound like the clatter of dishes; if you see a figure in the classroom which becomes paler and paler every day, you know that this is not normal. You know that there must be a ghost at Ashbury. Are you scared? Do you want to know his habits so that you can avoid him? "What does he look like?" do you say? I know him well. I can describe him. Listen!

He usually looks like the average Ashbury junior boy. He has a shirt, not always clean, a crooked tie, a baggy pair of trousers, unpolished shoes, and a button is missing from his blazer. His desk is not too untidy, (yes, he has a desk), but if you look more carefully, you will find scribbles in his books.

Don't investigate them too carefully. These are not ordinary scribbles, they are secret codes which could kill you if you understood them. So, beware!

His face is very pale, and getting paler; his eyes are very shiny, and getting shinier; he is very skinny, and getting skinnier.

Sometimes teachers and students think he is one of the boys, and they talk to him, ask him questions. They are very puzzled when they don't understand his answers. They are not really frightened, just puzzled.

I heard him whisper the other day. He was saying that the history class was interesting enough, but it would kill him soon. When I asked why, he said, "I am the ghost of a boy who loves the forest, the animals, the plants."

He belongs to the wild world, cannot sit still a minute. He does not have much use for human conversation, but has a fantastic time talking to butterflies, birds, snakes, lizards and the wind. Fish talk to him, and he understands. He cannot find a school life very interesting compared to all that he learns in the wild.

You see, this ghost is not a scary ghost. He is a kind and gentle one. Staying in the classroom makes him weaker and weaker, especially when spring arrives.

Do you recognize him? That ghost is me, the me you see here. The me who is the ghost of the one who is wild, who loves to be free in the woods where there are no essays to write.

CHRIS WILLIS — 7

AN UNFORTUNATE EXPERIENCE

One day I was about to cross the road when I saw a car coming. The car looked as if it would run over a dog. I ran and grabbed the dog just in time to save it. The dog bit my thumb and ran away.

My thumb really hurt and my mother called a taxi to take me to the hospital where they put a big needle into me to protect against rabies.

DICKSON

Dickson has a rust-red head. He has a very turned-up nose and his cheeks are red as poppies. He also has round and very blue eyes. He speaks in a Yorkshire dialect, and he has a wide curving mouth with a smile spread all over his face.

We like Dickson because he is kind and considerate toward other people, and he doesn't fly into tantrums (like Colin) when he doesn't get his own way.

NICHOLAS DAVIES — 5

TWO POEMS

The sailboat skimmed across the sea.
On the ocean there was a breeze.
On the ship there was a dog.
On the dog was a collar for fleas.

The restless sea was wild and gray.
Its foaming waters caused a spray.
If you were on the sea that night,
Today you wouldn't feel quite right.

NICHOLAS DAVIES — 5

THE OCCULT

Slowly, silently, the smoke eddied through the passage between the houses. Night had slipped out of her hiding place and had enveloped the city in her shroud. The atmosphere seemed unusually tense, even though the derelicts of humanity had deserted the streets.

In this passage, a dark forboding alley in a small Surrey town, a private ritual was taking place. Two figures stood in a small shack built onto the wall of a building in the far corner of the alley. They were huddled around a large, golden burner, intricately wrought, which had come from a distant eastern city. They had been given the secret incantation for summoning the ancient god, T'ashlan. These men were thieves and were going to ask the sacred Hindu god T'ashlan to transfer his spirit into a bank and return with about £2 million for them.

"Oy, Terry, is this bloomin' contraption idea of yours goin' to work?" murmured Peter.

"Well, that friend of mine who lives in India says this god is supposed to do your biddin'. He also said that you better watch out not to ask for too big a thing or too difficult a service. Ha! Imagine 'im telling me not to ask for anything big. We're not goin' to listen to any of that flippin' tommyrot," returned Terry.

"But Terry, don't you think there might be somethin' to wot 'e's sayin' there?" objected Peter.

"Cor. Don't tell me 'e's got you goin' too. 'E's probably just sayin' that so when 'e gets the burner an' incense back, 'e'll ask for the biggest bleedin' bank job ever!" exclaimed Terry.

After mumbling a few incantations, the men began to gesticulate in an unusual fashion over the spiralling smoke. It seemed the perfect setting for the Hindu god to rise. Suddenly a blue-green apparition began to wind its way up through the depths of the golden burner. As it snaked its way upward, a ghastly, hideous bird-like creature began to take shape.

"B-blimey! Is that it?" stammered Peter.

"Who else do you think it is?" replied Terry.

It was indeed T'ashlan. Terry explained to him what had to be done, and the god's face turned dark.

"I live and thrive by the code of the Djinns and Alfreets. I am not expected to perform such a task, although it is within

my power to do so. To break the code of the Djinns and Alfreets is an offence worse than death. As you mortals have no punishment worse than death, you will die for suggesting I break the code of the Djinns and Alfreets. Farewell, puny mortals. DIE!"

"No, no, I don't want to die," moaned Terry and Peter in unison. "No, no, no . . ."

KURT CARTER — 7A

THE SUNSET

As I was hiking through the forest, I came upon a broad clearing straddling a small stream, and I decided to stop there and make camp. The light of the sun was slowly fading away as the day was drawing to an end.

The blue of the sky was giving way to the glitter of the sun's last rays, and a band of colours was drawn over the horizon. At first it was a light shade of yellowish-orange, but it soon mellowed into a sharp clear red. A shaft of stabbing golden sunrays pierced the boughs of the trees, striking a large granite boulder, which shimmered like a diamond.

The geese fluttered into the sky as I approached, honking as they flew. The swallows started to settle in their nests for another night's sleep. In the distance I could hear the cry of a lone timber wolf.

The lake lay as still and clear as a mirror, disturbed only by the body of a loon floating serenely on the surface. It emitted a series of high shrill notes and fell silent again. All was quiet save for the crackling of my campfire and the hissing of the burning logs.

The autumn leaves blared a fiery red as the sun sank slowly behind the hills. I suddenly realized how sleepy I was. I took one last gulp of my steaming coffee and doused the fire, sending sparks and smoke swirling up into the sky. I spread out my sleeping bag and crawled in, watching the sun disappear behind the hills. A blanket of darkness covered the landscape, pierced only by the pinpoint lights of the stars. I fell asleep at peace with myself and nature.

STEPHEN WELCH — 8A

HOW PEARS GET THEIR BRUISES

Said the Banana to the Pear,
"We really must have a fight."
But the Pear replied, "I really cannot,
For I have a bad headache tonight."

After persuasion which seemed in despair,
The Banana convinced him at last.
So off went a-fighting those two crazy fruits.
Their punches were really quite fast.

The Banana emerged from the fight quite unhurt,
But the Pear had a nasty big gash.
He also developed a big bloody bruise,
So he was thrown into the trash.

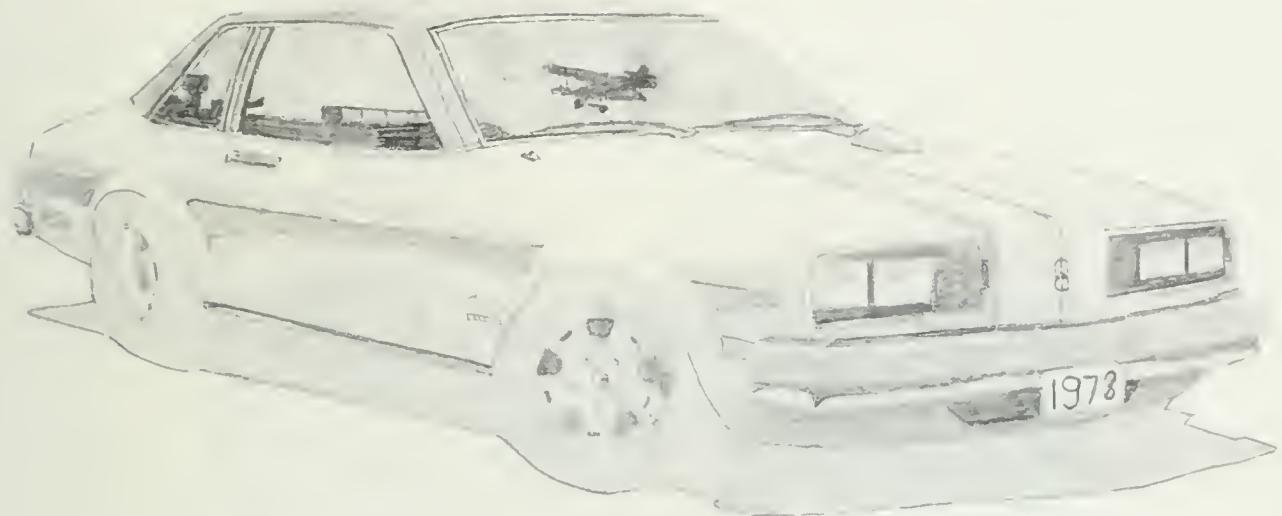
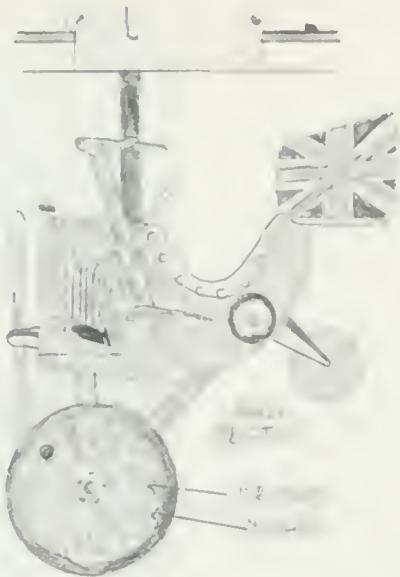
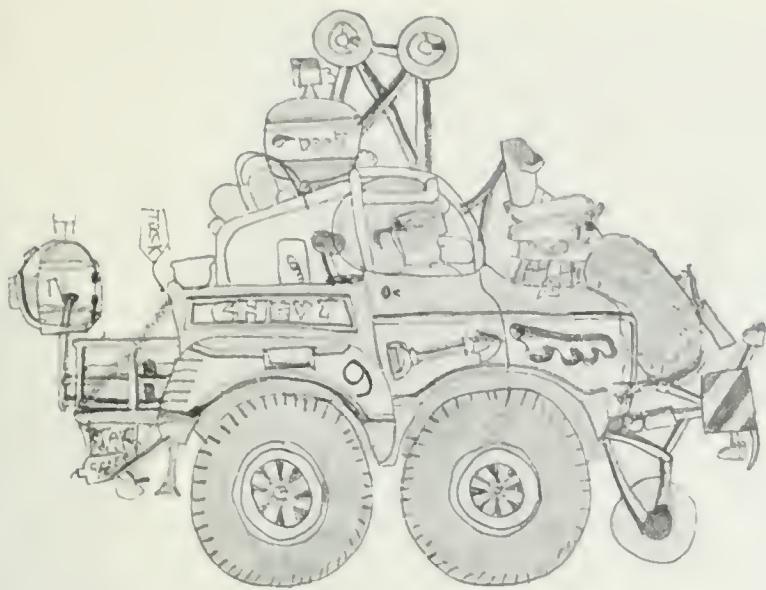
MARK BINAVINCE — 6



MOTHER'S DAY

This is a day when every mother
Is said to be a queen.
Surely it's true that every mother
Deserves a little gleam.
And it really is no trouble
To have this every year.
So let's keep this excellent habit,
And it will bring her cheer.

KURT CARTER — 7A





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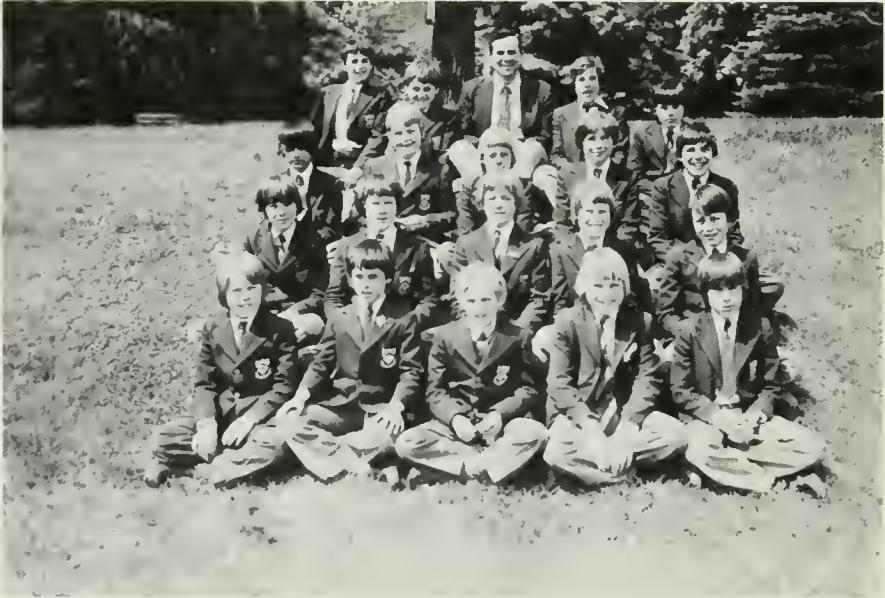
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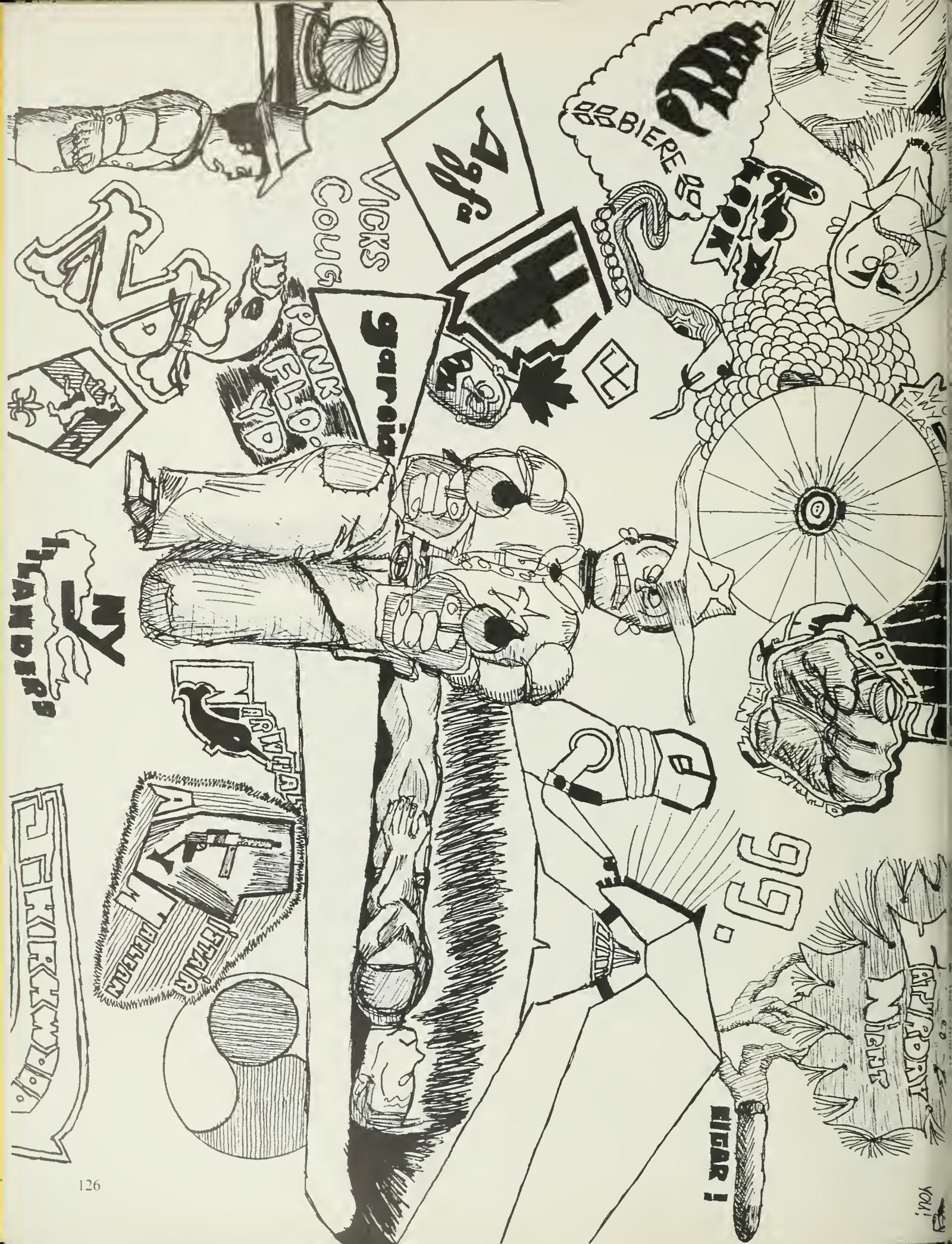
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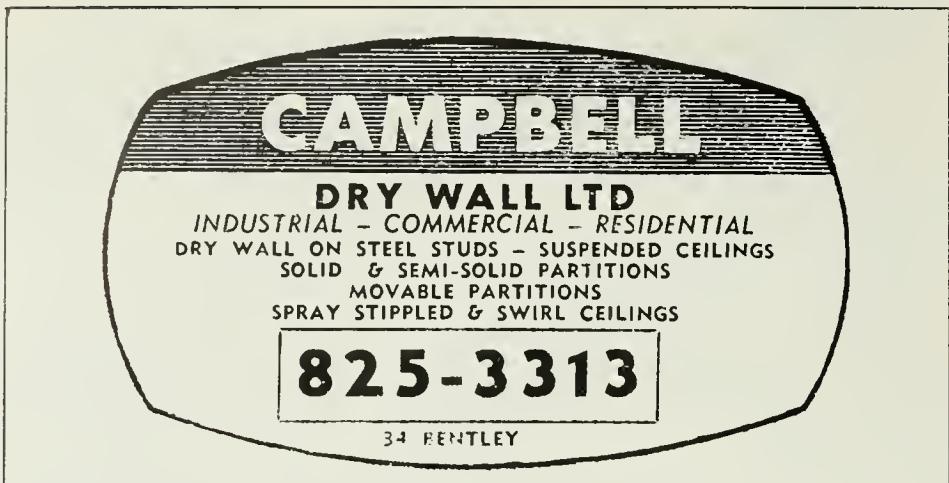
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I wish to thank the students of Ashbury College, 1975-1976, who so very kindly presented me, at Closing, with a cheque which was equal to the price of a return flight ticket to England.

This was a most unexpected gift and I frankly, at the time, was so overcome that I was unable to say anything except "thank you" to Jeff Beedell.

I very much appreciated your generosity and I shall always remember you all affectionately.

Thank you.

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